

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 920.—18 January, 1862.

Yet a little while, dear readers, bear with the long list of articles on the question of adding another War to the Rebellion. This matter may be practical as long as any one of you shall live.

In a few weeks,—perhaps only one or two more,—we shall be able to give you the usual supply of literature and light reading: and shall gladly leave it to our posterity to prove that *British Statesmen probably encouraged the Rebellion before it broke out.*

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130 NUNQUAM NOVUS.—CHURCH-DECKING AT CHRISTMAS.

NUNQUAM NOVUS.

I LOVE to know that they are olden,
Through silent centuries have strolled,
The legends sung when days are golden,
The tales to simple childhood told ;

That they were born in distant countries,
Have faced the sun, and braved the wind,
These ancient and devoted sentries,
Who watch the slumber of the mind.

The frog who was so fond of flattery,
The frog who would a-wooing go,
He strutted on the plains of Tartary
Some fifteen hundred years ago.

Puss in her Boots in Indian jungle
Was coaxing crafty chieftain's child
When Time was young, and loved to mingle
With races primitive and wild.

Joe Miller, who, when days are murky,
Our childish hearts with jokes can please,
Droll Cogia delighted Turkey
Six hundred years ago with these.

Athenæus the Greek relates them.
In China of Confucius told ;
The lads adore, no lassie hates them ;
Without them life were dull and cold.

The cat of Whittington was gifted
With ninety lives in lieu of nine,
For years two thousand she's been lifted
Through glittering ways and streets divine.

Long, long before this mighty city
Invented feasts or boasted mayors,
The bells had rung prophetic ditty
In Whittington's astonished ears.

Long, too, ere Gessler with his wreakings
Of wrath had sworn Tell's pride to still
If th' apple were not pierced, the Vikings
Of Norseland had rehearsed his skill.

The howl of Gelert's hound hath echoed
In lands away, in times afar ;
We hear it in the oldest record,
The Sanscrit Veda—even there !

Jack killed the giants, and his namesake
Clomb bean-stalks, and the rude wolf's roar
Bid Riding Hood fly, for the dame's sake,
When Scandinavia greeted Thor !

Such were the travels and adventures
Of this brave god and his brother-gods,
Ghosts of the mythologic frontiers—
Grim hunters of mysterious roads.

How Legend loathes to change its habit !
Tom Thumb has never grown an inch,
Though he was born in flowery Tibet,
When Father Time made pleasant lunch

Of fruit that scented shores of fable !
And scanty were the acres stripped
By that scythe, terrible and able !
That fields unreckoned since hath reaped.

The Brahmins' stern untrammelled history
Traditions of the Buddhists wild,
How flowing with poetic mystery,
How grateful to the craving child.

'Tis not for little boys to wander
To politics ; when they have grown,
They'll laugh to know that Goosey Gander
Was a squib at greedy church-rates thrown.

Should steady John or studious Georgey
Become a curate (God forbid !)
They will cry " What ! traduce the clergy ;"
And yet much good, Jack Sprat, you did !

Though, should they learn that Humpty
Dumpty,
Arose what time great Wolsey fell,
They may say, " Life is vain and empty,
The selfish prelate's shame was well."

Jack Horner, who despatched in corner
The Christmas-pie, was lashed with scorn
For preaching Faith, yet playing fawner,
Before despotic Charles was born.

He lived in Bath. What poet fretful
Would not his grandest lyrics give,
Amid its dales and woods delightful,
For one pacific week to live.

My song is like the world—it opens
With poetry, but abruptly ends
With politics ; the dark night deepens ;
Rest woos the head that weary bends.
—Chambers's Journal.

C.

CHURCH-DECKING AT CHRISTMAS.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WOULD that our scrupulous sires had dared to
leave

Less scanty measure of those graceful rites
And usages, whose due return invites
A stir of mind too natural to deceive ;
Giving the memory help when she could weave
A crown for Hope ! I dread the boasted
lights

That all too often are but fiery blights,
Killing the bud o'er which in vain we grieve,
Go, seek, when Christmas snows discomfort
bring,

The counter spirit, found in some gay church
Green with fresh holly, every pew a perch
In which the linnet or the thrush might sing,
Merry and loud, and safe from prying search,
Strains only offered to the genial spring.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE AMERICAN ATHENS.

BY J. G. KOHL.

OF all the cities of the American Union, Boston is the one that has most fully retained the character of an English locality. This is visible upon the first glance at its physiognomy and the style of building. The city is spread out over several islands and peninsulas, in the innermost nook of Massachusetts Bay. The heart of Boston is concentrated on a single small peninsula, at which all the advantages of position, such as depth of water, accessibility from the sea and other port conveniences, are so combined, that this spot necessarily became the centre of life, the Exchange, landing-place, and market.

The ground in this central spot rises toward the middle, and formerly terminated in a triple-peaked elevation (the Three Mountains), which induced the earliest immigrants to settle here. At the present time these three points have disappeared, to a great extent, through the spread of building; but for all that, the elevation is perceptible for some distance, and the centre of Boston seems to tower over the rest of the city like an acropolis. From this centre numerous streets run to the circumference of the island, while others have been drawn parallel with it, just like Moscow is built round the Kremlin. All this is in itself somewhat European, and hence there are in Boston streets running up and down hill; at some spots even a drag is used for the wheels of carts. The streets, too, are crooked and angular—a perfect blessing in America, where they generally run with a despairing straightness, like our German everlasting poplar alleys. At some corners of Boston—which is not like other American cities, divided chess-board-wise into blocks—you actually find surprises: there are real groups of houses. The city has a character of its own, and in some parts offers a study for the architect, things usually unknown in America.

The limitation of the city to a confined spot, and the irregularity of the building style, may partly be the cause that the city reminds us of Europe. But that the city assumed so thorough an English type may be explained by the circumstance that Boston received an entirely English population.

In 1640, or ten years after its formation, it had five thousand English denizens, at a period when New York was still a small Dutch country town, under the name of New Amsterdam. Possibly, too, the circumstance that it was the nearest seaport to England may have contributed to keep up old English traditions here. The country round Boston bears a remarkable likeness to an English landscape, and hence, no doubt, the state obtained the name of New England; but as in various parts of New England you may fancy yourself in Kent, so, when strolling about the streets of Boston, you may imagine yourself in the middle of London. In both cities the houses are built with equal simplicity, and do not assume that pomp of marble pilasters and decoration noticeable at New York and elsewhere. The doors and windows, the color and shape, are precisely such as you find in London. In Boston, too, there is a number of small green squares; and, amid the turmoil of business, many a quiet "cul de sac," cut off from the rest of the street system.

Externals of this nature generally find their counterpart in the manners and spirit of the inhabitants, and hence I believe that Boston is still more English and European than any other city of the Union. This is visible in many things; for instance, in the fact that the police system and public surveillance are more after the European style than anywhere else in America. Even though it may not be "quite so bad" as in London, it strikes visitors from the West and South, and hence they are apt to abuse Massachusetts as a police-ridden state. Even in the fact that the flag of the Revolution was first raised in Boston,—and hence the city is generally called "The Cradle of American Freedom,"—we may find a further proof that the population was penetrated with the true Anglo-Saxon temperament.

This is specially perceptible in the scientific and social life of Boston, which suits Europeans better than the behavior in other American towns. Boston, in proportion to the number of its population, has more public and private libraries and scientific societies than any other metropolis of the Union; and, at the same time, a great number of well-organized establishments for the sick, the poor, the blind, and the insane, which

are regarded as models in the United States. Boston has, consequently, a fair claim to the title of the "American Athens." There are upwards of one hundred printing-offices, from which a vast number of periodicals issue. The best and oldest of these is the *North American Review*, supplied with articles by such men as Prescott, Everett, Channing, Bancroft, etc. Among the Boston periodicals there has existed for some time past one devoted to heraldry, the only one of the sort in the Union, which, perhaps, as a sign of the aristocratic temper of the Bostonians, evidences a deeply rooted Anglicanism.

The Historical Society of Boston is the oldest of that nature in the country. Since the commencement of the present century it has published a number of interesting memoirs, and the history of no portion of the Union has been so zealously and thoroughly investigated as that of New England. The "Lowell Institute," established and endowed by a rich townsman, is an institution which works more efficaciously for the extension of knowledge and education than any other of the same character in America. It offers such handsome rewards for industry and talent, that even the greatest scientific authorities of England—for instance, Lyell—have at times found it worth while to visit Boston, and lecture in the hall of the Lowell Institution. In one of its suburbs—Cambridge—Boston possesses Harvard College, the best and oldest university in America, and it has also in the heart of the city a medical school. The city library, in its present reformed condition, surpasses in size and utility most of such establishments to be found in Germany.

At Boston, too, private persons possess collections most interesting for science and art, which prove the existence of a higher feeling among the inhabitants of the city. During my short stay there I discovered and visited a considerable number. For instance, I met with a linen-draper, who first showed me his stores near the water-side, then took me in his carriage to his suburbanum, where I found, in a wing expressly built for its reception, a library containing all the first editions of the rarest works about the discovery and settlement of America, which are now worth their weight in gold. This worthy Boston tradesman was a very zealous mem-

ber of the Historical Society, and has already published several memoirs upon his speciality (the earliest history of the American settlements). I was also taken to the villa of another tradesman, who made it the business of his life to make the most perfect collection of editions of the Bible. His collection is the only one of the sort in America, and, at the time I saw it, consisted of no less than twelve hundred Bibles, in every sort of edition and shape, published in all the languages and countries of the world, among them being the greatest typographical rarities. I was also enabled to inspect a splendid collection of copperplate engravings, equally belonging to a tradesman: it consisted of many thousand plates, belonging to all schools, countries, and epochs. The owner has recently presented it to Cambridge University where it is now being arranged by a German connoisseur.

One evening I was invited to the house of a Boston tradesman, where I found, to my surprise, another variety of artistic collections. It was a partly historical, partly ethnographical, museum, which the owner has arranged in a suite of most elegant rooms, and which he allowed us to inspect after tea. His speciality lay in weapons and coats of mail, and the walls were covered with magnificent specimens bought up in all parts of Europe, regardless of cost. He possesses all the weapons employed before the invention of gunpowder; while in an adjoining room were all the blood-letting tools of Japan. In another was a similar collection from China and several other countries. Never in my life have I seen so many different forms of knives, hatchets, battle-axes, and lances collected together as at this house.

At the same time, the company assembled on that evening was of great interest. Among others we were honored by the presence of Fanny Kemble, who, as is well known, belongs to the United States since her marriage with an American. The fact that this most intellectual of artistes has selected Boston as her abode, will also bear good testimony to the character of the city. During my stay in Boston she was giving readings from Shakspeare, and I heard her in the "Merchant of Venice." The readings took place in a magnificent hall, capable of containing two thousand persons, and

it was quite full. I have frequently heard Tieck, Devrient, and many others of our best dramatic readers, but I am bound to say that Fanny Kemble is the best of all I ever heard. She is graceful in her movements, and possesses a well-formed chest and an energetic, almost masculine, organ. On the evening I heard her she was hoarse, in consequence of a cold, and, by her own statement, weak and languid; but for all that managed so admirably that nothing of the sort was perceptible. She developed all the male and female parts in the play—especially the Jew's—so characteristically and clearly, that I could not help fancying I had the whole thing before me, brilliantly designed on Gobelin tapestry. She accompanied her reading with lively gesticulations, but did not lay more stress on them than is usual in an ordinary reading. The Boston public were silent and delighted, and it is on account of this public that I insert my remarks about Fanny Kemble. I was charmed with the praise which this excellent English lady bestowed on our German actors during a conversation I had with her. She told me that she preferred to see Shakspeare acted on a German stage, especially by Devrient. And this, she added, was the opinion of her father, Charles Kemble. The circumstance that his wife was a native of Vienna may have contributed, however, to make Charles Kemble better acquainted with the character of the German stage.

Of course it was not in my power to inspect all the collections of Boston, and I need scarcely add that I found magnificent libraries in the houses of a Prescott, a Ticknor, an Everett, etc. In Boston a good deal of the good old English maxim has been kept up, that every one buys a book he requires. A great quantity of rare and handsome books wander from all parts of Europe annually to these libraries. In the same way as the Emperor Nicholas had his military agents in every state, the Americans have their literary agents, who eagerly buy up our books. In London I was acquainted with a gentleman permanently residing there, who was a formidable rival to the British Museum, and found his chief customers among the Boston amateurs, though he had others in New York and elsewhere.

When they desire to satisfy any special craving, the Americans are not a whit be-

hind the English in not shunning expense or outlay. Thus I was introduced at Philadelphia to a book-collector, whose speciality was Shakspeare. He had specimens of every valuable edition of the poet's works. Only one of the oldest and rarest editions, of which but three copies exist, was missing from his shelves, and when he heard that one of these would shortly be put up for sale in London, he sent a special agent over with secret instructions and *carte blanche*. He succeeded, though I am afraid to say at what an outlay of dollars, and the expensive book was shipped across the water. When it arrived at Philadelphia, the overjoyed owner invited all the friends of Shakspeare in the city, and gave them a brilliant party, at which the jewel—an old rusty folio—was displayed under a brilliant light upon a gold embroidered velvet cushion. Interminable toasts and speeches were given, and finally the volume was incorporated in the library, where it occupied but a very small space.

In other American cities I saw various remarkable collections of rarities—as, for instance, Mr. Lennox's, at New York, who has a mania for bringing together all the books, documents, and pamphlets referring to the history of America. Mr. Peter Fern, of Washington, has a similar one; but I will not stop to describe it, but return to Boston, which is to some extent the metropolis of such collections.

Alexander von Humboldt's library has been made known to the world in a copperplate, but I must confess that I could draw a much more attractive picture of some of the studies of the Boston savans. In their arrangement, in the picturesque setting out of the books and curiosities, in the writing-tables, and chairs, as ingenious as they are comfortable, in the wealth of pictures and busts found in these rooms, generally lighted from above, you find a combination of the English desire for comfort and the American yearning after external splendor. The Americans are the only people in the world who possess not merely merchant princes, but also author princes.

I visited several of these distinguished men in their spacious and elegant studies. One morning I was taken to the house of the celebrated Edward Everett, one of the great men of Boston, who, first as preacher, then as professor of Greek, and lastly as au-

thor and speaker, has attained so prominent a position in the Union, and is still an active and busied man in spite of sixty odd years having passed over his head. Any remarkable book a man may have written, or any sort of notoriety that brings him before the public, can be employed in America as political capital, and lead to position and influence in the state. The preacher and professor, Everett, who for a season edited the *North American Review*, and very cleverly praised and defended in its pages the manners and constitution of his country, soon after became, in consequence of his writings, member of Congress, a leader of the old Whig party, governor of Massachusetts, and lastly a diplomatist and American ambassador to England. Like many American politicians who have held the latter office, he was frequently proposed as candidate for the presidency, but did not reach the chair, because the old Whigs had lost much of their former influence. On the final dissolution of his party, Everett devoted himself to the sciences and *belles lettres*. At the time when I formed his acquaintance, he was engaged in delivering a public lecture in all the cities of the Union on the character of Washington. The great man's qualities naturally had a brilliant light thrown on them, and in comparison with our renowned monarchs, such as Frederick the Great, Joseph II., and Napoleon I., the latter came off second best. Everett had learnt his lecture by heart, and delivered it with great emphasis and considerable success, though I confess that when I heard it I could not conscientiously bestow such praise on it as did the patriotic Americans. In order that the lecture might not lose the charm of novelty, all the American papers were requested to give no short-hand report of it: hence it remained unknown in each city until the lecturer had publicly delivered it. Everett saved up his earnings for a patriotic object; namely, the purchase of Washington's estate of Mount Vernon, for which purpose a ladies' committee had been formed. In 1857, Everett had collected more than forty thousand dollars towards this object. There is hardly another country besides America in which such a sum could be collected by reading a lecture of a few pages, however effective it might be. Moreover, the whole affair is characteristic of the land, and that is why I have related it.

Boston has ever been not only the birth-place but the gathering-ground of celebrated men. In politics it frequently rivalled Virginia, while in the production of poets and literary men it stands far above all other cities of the Union. Starting from Benjamin Franklin, who was born on one of the small islands in Boston harbor, down to Everett and his contemporaries, there has never been a deficiency of great and remarkable men in the city. Hancock, who drew up with Jefferson the Constitution of the United States, lived in Boston, and the most distinguished of the few Presidents the North has produced—the two Adamsses—belonged to Boston, where they began and closed their career. Daniel Webster, the greatest American orator of recent times, received his education in Boston, and spent all that portion of his life there when he was not engaged at Washington. There are, in fact, entire families in Boston, as, for instance, the Winthrops, Bigelows, etc., which have been rich in talented persons ever since the foundation of the city.

When I visited Boston in 1857, the circle of celebrated, influential, and respected men was not small, and I had opportunity to form the acquaintance of several of them. Unfortunately, I knocked to no purpose at the door of the liberal and gifted Theodore Parker, whose house is ever open to Germans. The noble, equally liberal, and high-hearted Channing, whose pious, philanthropic, and philosophic writings I had admired from my earliest youth, and who had labored here as the apostle of the Unitarians, I only found represented by a son, who does honor to his great father's memory. The Websters and Adamsses had also been dead for some years, though I formed the acquaintance of several of their personal friends, who told me numerous anecdotes about them.

I am sorry to say, too, I missed seeing George Ticknor, the great historian of Spanish literature, a true child of Boston, where he was born and educated, and where he spends his time in study when he is not travelling in Europe, which was unfortunately the case at the period of my visit. I saw nothing of him but his splendid Spanish library, which he exclusively collected for the purpose of his classical work, which has been translated into almost every language.

As a compensation, Prescott, who was

summoned away some time ago, to the regret of all his friends, was at home to receive me, and he was one of the most amiable men I ever met. I saw him both at his own house and in society, and greedily took advantage of every opportunity that offered for approaching him. As he was descended from an old New England family, and was educated, and lived, and worked almost entirely in Boston—he had only visited Europe once, and had travelled but little in the United States—I could consider him as a true child of Boston, and as an example of the best style of education that city is enabled to offer. He was a man of extremely dignified and agreeable manners, and a thorough gentleman in his behavior. I met but few Americans so distinguished by elegance and politeness, and when I first met him, and before knowing his name, I took him for a diplomatist. He had not the slightest trace of the dust of books and learning, and although he had been hard at work all day, when he emerged into daylight he was a perfect man of the world. I found in him a great resemblance both in manner and features with that amiable Frenchman Mignet. He was at that time long past his sixtieth birthday, and yet his delicate, nobly chiselled face possessed such a youthful charm that he could fascinate young ladies. In society his much-regretted weakness of sight was hardly perceptible, and at dinner he made such good use of his limited vision, that he could help himself without attracting the slightest attention. He frequently remarked that this weakness of sight, which others lamented so greatly, was the chief cause of his devoting himself to historical studies. Still it impeded his studies greatly, for he was obliged to send persons, at a terrible expense, to copy the documents he required in the archives of Spain. He could only employ these documents and other references—partially, at any rate—through readers. He was obliged to prepare much in his mind and then dictate it, without the help of his hand and fingers, which, as every author knows, offer such aid to the head, and, as it were, assist in thinking. At times he could only write by the help of a machine that guided his hand. I say purposely “at times,” for every now and then the sight of his own eyes became so excellent and strong that he could undertake personally the me-

chanical part of his labor. Still, literature is indebted to Prescott's semi-blindness for his elaborate historical works on Peru, Mexico, Isabella, and Philip II., for had he kept the sight of both eyes he would have continued the career he had already begun as barrister, and in all probability have ended as a politician and a statesman.

Another somewhat younger literary talent Boston was proud of at that period, was Motley, the historian, who in many respects may be placed side by side with Prescott. Like him, he also belongs to a wealthy and respected Boston family; and like him too, he has devoted himself to history, through pure love. His union with the Muse is no *mariage de convenance*, but he entered into it through a hearty affection. The subject that Motley selected, “The History of the Netherlands in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries,” had a special interest for his countrymen. At that period Holland was remarkably influential all over the New World, and, *inter alia*, laid the foundations of New York State. This state and its still somewhat Dutch inhabitants consequently regard the Netherlands to some extent as the mother-country, and their history as a portion of their own. They feel as much interested in it as the French do in the history of the Franks in Germany. Moreover, they like to compare an event like the insurrection of the Netherlands against Spain with their own revolt against England. Motley, therefore, selected a very popular theme. After learning something of the world as attaché to the American Embassy at Petersburg, he travelled in Germany, and stayed for several years at Dresden, the Hague, and other European cities, in order to employ the libraries for his purpose. Nine years ago he read to a small circle of friends in Dresden, myself among the number, extracts from his historical work; for instance, his description of the execution of Counts Egmont and Hoorn, and then returned to America, where he published it. This work was a great success; and when I met Motley again at Boston, he had just been crowned with laurel. He was a handsome man, in the prime of life, with dark curly hair. Unluckily, he did not like his country sufficiently well to remain in it, and returned quickly to Europe, during my visit to Boston. Perhaps he had lived too long

upon our continent, and had not the patience to go through the process of re-Americanizing, to which an American who has long been absent is bound to subject himself. He proceeded to London, where he resided several years, continuing his studies, and always a welcome guest in fashionable society, until the recent troubles forced him to return home.

We might fairly speak of a thorough historical school of Boston, for nearly all the recent remarkable historians of America have issued from this school. Among these I may specially mention George Bancroft, who has selected the history of his native land as his special study. His career has a great likeness to that of Everett; like him, he went to Göttingen when a young man, and acquired his tendency for historic research from Heeren, Eichhorn, and Schlosser. Like Everett, he began his career as a professor at Cambridge University, and like him, also, his talent and the growing popularity of his books led him up to important offices and posts under government. He was for a time secretary to the navy at Washington, then American ambassador in England, and at last, as he was not successful in politics, like Everett, he retired from public life into the calmer atmosphere of his study, where he has remained for several years, dividing his time between literary work and pleasant society. During the winter he now resides at New York, and during the summer at a charming villa near that pretty little watering-place, Newport, on Narragansett Bay, where he pays a visit now and then, though, to his old Boston. I had the good fortune to visit this active and energetic historian at both his winter and summer abode. At New York, he passes the whole winter shut up in his splendid library, like a bee in his honey-cell. In the midst of the turmoil of business, his lamp may be seen glimmering at an early hour, and he lights it himself, as he does his fire, in order not to spoil the temper of his lazy American helps for the day.

I am forced to remark that the result of my observations is that this zeal and this "help yourself," are no rarity among American men of letters. Thus I always remember with pleasure old Senator Benton, whose "History of the American Congress," although an excellently written work, and a

thorough mine in which to study the politics, parties, and prominent men of America, is, unfortunately, but little known on this side the water. This brave old Roman Benton, of Missouri, a man otherwise greatly attacked for his vanity and eccentricities, I remember seeing one morning at six lighting his fire, boiling his coffee, and then devoting the morning hours to his History.

This Benton was at that period above seventy years of age, and long a grandfather. He wrote his History with so firm and current a hand, that the copy went almost uncorrected from his table to the printing-office, and within a few months entire volumes could be worked off. And yet he could only devote his morning and late evening hours to the task, for so long as the sun was up he thought it his duty to take part in the debates of Congress and quarrel in the committee-rooms. At times, he broke his labors entirely off, because he considered it necessary to take a trip to Missouri, and agitate for some political purpose or the other. One evening, it happened that his entire library, with all the manuscripts it contained, fell a prey to the flames. He had temporarily taken up his quarters in a small wooden house in the vicinity of the capital, which caught fire.

These fires are an almost regular and constantly menacing calamity to American authors, their libraries, and manuscripts. During my short stay in the United States I heard of a whole series of cases in which valuable literary undertakings were completely interrupted by fire. Senator Benton, on the occasion to which I refer, lost his entire library, a large portion of manuscript ready for the press, and a heap of materials, extracts, and references, which he had collected for a new volume of his History. As I was on rather intimate terms with him and his family, and, as an author myself, felt a special compassion for him, I visited him a few days after to offer him my sympathy. As it happened, President Pierce came up at the same moment and for the same object. We found the aged man, to our surprise and admiration, not in the slightest degree affected or excited. He had removed from the ruins to the house of his son-in-law, the celebrated traveller Fremont, had had a new table put together, and was busy rewriting his manuscript. With Anglo-Saxon coolness and a pleasant

face, which reminded me of the stoic referred to by Montaigne, who did not allow himself to be disturbed in his speech when a dog tore a piece out of the calf of his leg, he told us the story of the burning of his books. Mr. Benton allowed that a quarto volume of his work, with all the materials belonging to it, was entirely destroyed, but he said, with a smile, while tossing a little grandchild on his knee, "It is no use crying over spilled milk." He had begun his work afresh on the next day, and retained in his head most of what he had written down. He hoped that he should be able to collect once more the necessary materials—partly, at any rate—and he expected that the printing would not be delayed for many days.

This man, in his present position—and there could not be a more lamentable one for an author—appeared to me like an old Roman. And, in truth, old Senator Benton had something thoroughly Roman in his features, just as you might expect to find on an ancient coin. And all this was the more remarkable to me, because I discovered such an internal value in a man who in the external world afforded such scope for jibes. In Congress I saw him twice play the part of a quarrelsome and impotent old man. At times—especially when he marched into the field to support the claims of his son-in-law Fremont, or any other distinguished members of his family of whom he was proud, and whom he thought he must take under his wing, like a patriarch of old—he grew so excited, that the President several times tried in vain to stop him. Once I saw him leave Congress cursing and gesticulating, and loudly declaring that he would never again appear in that assembly. When, too, he rode up and down the main street of Washington, with his grandson on a little pony by his side, and keeping as close as possible to the pavement, that he might be bowed to by the ladies and gentlemen, they certainly saluted, but afterwards ridiculed the "great man." Hence it caused me special pleasure, I repeat, to recognize in so peculiar a man an inner worth, and find the opportunity to say something in his praise. After all, there were heroes among the wearers of full-bottomed wigs and pig-tails.

Since then, the inexorable subduer of all heroes has removed old Senator Benton forever from his terrestrial activity. He was

enabled stoically to withstand the fire, but death, which caught him up four years ago, did not allow him to complete his work. Still, the fragments of it that lie before us contain extraordinarily useful matter for the history of the Union from the beginning of this century, and I therefore recommend them strongly to public writers at the present moment, when everybody wishes to know everything about America. But I will now return to Boston.

In the hot summer, when Longfellow, Agassiz, and other distinguished men of Boston, fly to the rock of Nahant, Bancroft, as I said, seeks shelter on the airy beach of Newport; and I remember, with great pleasure, the interesting trip I took thither for the purpose of spending a couple of days with the historian. The pleasant little town of Newport, which a hundred years back was a promising rival of New York, is now only known as the most fashionable watering-place in the Union. Most of the upper ten, as well as the politicians and diplomats of Washington, congregate here in July and August. Splendid steamers, some coming from New York through Long Island Sound, others from Boston, through the archipelago of Narragansett Bay, bring up hundreds of people daily. On one of these green islands in the bay, Newport is built, surrounded by a number of villas and gardens, which stretch out along the beach. And one of these hospitable villas belongs to the celebrated historian, who in that character, and as ex-minister and statesman, is reverently regarded as one of the "lions" of Newport.

When I entered his house, at a late hour, I found him surrounded by the ladies of his family, to whom he was reading a newly finished chapter of his history from the manuscript. He invited me to listen, and told me that it was his constant practice to read his works in this fashion in the domestic circle, and take the opinion of his hearers, but, above all, of his amiable and highly educated wife. This, he said to me, was the best way of discovering any lack of clearness or roughness of style, and after this trial he made his final corrections.

Newport is also known, to those versed in American antiquities, as the spot where an old octagonal building still stands, which the Danish savans believe to have been erected

long prior to Columbus, and which they consider was built by the old Norman seafarers and heroes who visited America about the year 1000. This monument was very interesting to me to visit in the company of the historian of the United States, even though the townspeople regard it as the foundation of an old windmill, that belonged to a former inhabitant of Newport. Bancroft was of opinion that the good people of Newport were more likely to hit the truth than the scientific men of Copenhagen. I, too, after an inspection, *in situ*, consider the opinion of the latter so little founded that it is hardly worth contradicting. As is well known, to the south of New England, in the middle of a swamp on Taunton River, there is a huge rock covered with all sorts of grooves and marks, which the Danish savans regard as a Runic inscription, also emanating from the Normans. The Danes have even gone so far as to decipher the word "Thorfun," as the name of one of the Norman heroes, while others believe that they are marks and memoranda made by an Indian hand; while others, again, are of opinion that the grooves and scratches are produced by natural causes.

Bancroft described to me the difficulties he experienced in reaching this rock—at one moment wading through the water, at another forcing his way through scrub. He was, however, unable to convince himself of the truth of any one of the above three hypotheses, and hence in his history of the United States, he could only say that the much-discussed Taunton River inscription did not afford a certainty of the presence of the Normans in these parts. But I must hasten back to Boston, where I have many an excellent friend awaiting me.

First of all rises before my mental eye the image of that noble senator, Charles Sumner, one of the most honored men of Boston, whom I visited not only here in his birth-place, where he spends his leisure hours with his mother and relatives, but also at Washington, where he was delivering his bold and fiery speeches against slavery. While at the capital, I heard him deliver that magnificent speech which—although it lasted for several hours, was listened to in speechless silence by the whole Senate, even by the Southern members who were boiling over with fury—and entailed on this noble man the brutal attack from one of the chivalry of the South,

which laid him on a bed of sickness for weeks, where he hovered between life and death.

How painful and sad it was to see this tall and stately man, felled like a pine-tree, and writhing in agony on his couch! His noble face, in which his lofty intellect and towering mind spoke out, was swollen and lacerated, as if he had been under the claws of a bear. English, Germans, French, Spaniards, and Italians, were the first to hurry to him on the day of the outrage, to display their sympathy and respect, and lay a crown of honor on his bleeding temples. With this great man, after his return from Europe, and several kindred spirits, I used to spend pleasant evenings *en petit comité* in Boston, and felt delighted at the opportunity of discussing with them the great questions of the day. Not so pleasant, though equally remarkable, were my feelings when I returned home at night from such an intellectual and sympathizing circle, and was compelled to listen to the expectorations of a Colonel B—, of Carolina, who lodged in the same hotel. He made it a point to lie in ambush for me every night, to smoke a cigar, drink a glass of grog and take the opportunity of explaining to me his views about the North. Although he had travelled in France and Germany, associated with the nobility, and belonged to the Southern aristocracy, the colonel was so full of prejudices against the North, that he walked about among the New Englanders of Boston like a snarling sheep-dog among a flock of lambs. He pished and pshawed, even abused loudly and bitterly all he saw, both the men—the accursed Yankees, their narrow-hearted views, their stiff regulations, their unpolished manners—as well as things, such as the northern sky, the scenery, the towns, villages, and country-houses. All that Boston or a Bostonian had or possessed seemed to him infected with abolitionism. He would even look on, with a sarcastic smile, when, during our conversation, I stroked a pretty little spaniel belonging to a Boston lady. He could not endure this Boston animal, and if ever it came within his reach he was sure to give it a harmless kick. Nothing was right with him of course, least of all the Boston newspapers, in which he pointed out to me articles every evening, which, according to his opinion, were horrible, perfidious, atheistical, full of gall and poison, although I could not discover any-

thing of the sort in them when he read them aloud to me with many gesticulations. To the people who surrounded us he generally behaved politely, because, as I said, he was a Southern gentleman, and did not let it be seen how his heart heaved and boiled. But if any one took up the cudgels with him, merely expressed an opinion that had the remotest connection with the slavery question, or smelled of abolitionism, he would break out into the most enthusiastic diatribes in defence of the peculiar institution. His glances would become passionate, and his tone insulting. He appeared evidently bent on war, and I was often surprised that the Yankees put up with so much from him, and let him escape with a whole skin. In the South, had a Northerner gone to one-tenth of the same excess, it would have been enough to hand him over to the tender mercies of Judge Lynch.

If I asked him why he had come to this North, which he so heartily despised, he would reply that, unhappily, his physicians had found it necessary to send him into this exile for the sake of his health, and he had long had an intention of visiting, on the northern lakes, the poor Indians who were so shamefully maltreated by the Yankees. The sufferings of these unhappy tribes, who perished beneath the heel of the oppressor, and pined away in their shameful fetters, had long touched his heart. He could never think of them without emotion, and he now intended to go as far as the cataracts of St. Anthony to give the Sioux a feast, and offer them some relief from their shameful martyrdom. I remembered that I had once before noticed the same compassion for the Indians in a Southern slave-owner, and consequently that it is, in all probability, traditional among these people, to answer the reproaches cast on them for slaveholding by accusing their hostile brethren of ill-treating the Indians. Although I in no way shared my Southern friend's views about slavery and abolition, but was generally in the opposition, as a foreigner I did not seem to him so utterly repulsive as these God-forgotten Yankees. At first, at any rate, he believed that he should not be washing a blackamoor white with me. If I only would visit the South, he expressed his opinion I should be speedily converted, and grow enthusiastic for his side. Hence he condescended to argue with

and instruct me, while he gnashed his teeth at his northern countrymen when they dared to address him on the vexed question. Towards the end, however, I began to perceive that he was giving me up as incorrigible, and extended his enmity to me as well. We at length parted, not exactly as sympathetic souls, and when I now think of my Southerner stalking about Boston like a tornado in a human shape, I do not understand how it was that I did not then see civil war *ante fores* in that country.*

It may be imagined what a relief, joy, and comfort it was for me, after the stormy evenings I spent with the Southerner, to be invited the following day to a dinner-table, where I found all the men with whom I sympathized, and whom I respected, assembled. The old Flemish painters, in their fruit and flower pieces, and in what is called "still life," have striven to represent the roast meats, wine flasks, crystal glasses, grapes, and oranges which decorated the tables of their rich contemporaries. But how can I depict such a dinner at Boston, where a Longfellow took the chair, an Agassiz acted as croupier, a Prescott was my left, a Motley my right hand, neighbor, and where my vis-à-vis was a tall, thin, dry-looking man, who, I was told, was Ralph Waldo Emerson? Between the epergues and flower-vases I could see also the characteristic features of noble and distinguished men; the gray head of a Winthrop, or the animated face of such a benefactor to humanity as Dr. Howe, whom the blind, and the deaf and dumb combine to bless. When I reflect how rare such highly gifted men are in the world, and how much more rare it is to be enabled to see a dozen of them sitting together cheerfully and socially over their wine, I find that we cannot sufficiently value such moments which accidents produce, and which, perhaps, never again occur in the traveller's life. When we read such books as those of Mrs. Trollope, Captain Basil Hall, or Dickens, we might suppose that there is nothing in America that can be called "good society." But when a man finds himself in such company as fell

* We are bound to say that we do not agree with our excellent contributor on this point. It would be just as fair to judge of the Southerners from this isolated instance, as it would be to believe that "Martin Chuzzlewit" offers us a fair criterion of the North.—ED. B. M.

to my lot in Boston, he begins to think differently, and is at length disposed to allow that in America a good tone peculiar to the country, and possessing highly characteristic qualities, exists. I concede that it is rare, and I believe that the American, in order to appropriate this tone, must have passed the ocean several times between America and Europe; in this, imitating his twice-across-the-line Madeira (which, by the by, is magnificent in some Boston houses). The American, as a rule, becomes really full-flavored in and through Europe. What I would assert though, is, that the American has a peculiar material to take the polish which Europe can impart, and that when he has rubbed off his American horns—for it is quite certain that the American is as much of a greenhorn in Europe as the European seems to be in the United States—a species of polish is visible, which possesses its pe-

culiar merit, and nothing like it is to be found in Europe. There is no trace of mannerism or affectation; none of that insipid politeness, prudery, and superfinedom into which Europeans are so apt to fall. In the well-educated American we meet with a great simplicity of manner, and a most refreshing masculine dignity. Both in Boston and New York I visited private clubs, and met gentlemen belonging to the bar, the church, the mercantile classes, etc., who possessed all these qualities in an eminent degree. In these small retired clubs—they may have been select, and I am unable to decide how many of the sort may exist—humor and merriment were so well controlled, wit and jesting were so pleasantly commingled with what was serious and instructive, that I never knew pleasanter places for men.

ALL and EVERYTHING as seen by His Holiness the Pope in the free Kingdom of Italy. (From the Papal Allocution of Sept. 30.)—Every one knows how the satellites of that Government and of that rebellion full of ignorance and deceit, have renewed the attacks and the fury of the ancient heretics, and, giving way to all their rage against holy things, endeavor to completely overthrow if it were ever possible, the Church of God and the Catholic religion; to wrest from every soul its salutary doctrine, and to excite and inflame every bad passion. All laws, human and divine, have been trampled under foot; all ecclesiastical censures set at naught; the bishops, with an audacity which every day increases, expelled from their dioceses and even thrown into prison; the majority of the faithful have been deprived of their pastors; the regular and secular priests borne down by bad treatment and subjected to all kinds of injustice; religious congregations destroyed, their members expelled from their houses and reduced to the most complete indigence; virgins devoted to God obliged to beg their bread, the most venerated temples despoiled, profaned, and changed into dens of robbers; sacred property pillaged, ecclesiastical authority and jurisdiction violated and usurped, and the laws of the Church despised and trampled under foot. Schools of false doctrine have been established, libels and infamous journals, the offspring of darkness, have been distributed in every place, at an enormous expense, by a criminal conspiracy. Pernicious and abominable writings attack our holy

faith, religion, piety, honesty, modesty, honor, and virtue, and overthrow the true and unshakable rules of eternal and natural law, of public and private rights; the legitimate liberty and property of every one is attacked; the foundations of family ties and of civil society are ruined; the reputation of every virtuous person is blackened by false accusations, and the impunity of all vices and of all errors is every day more and more nourished, propagated, and increased.

A NEW AUTO-DA-FE.—The spirit of Torquemada walks abroad in Spain, the ecclesiastical authorities having selected the Spiritualists for their victims; rapping and table-turning have been thought worthy of prosecution, and all books treating on those occult subjects are seized and destroyed wherever found. The Bishop of Barcelona heads this crusade, and by an order from that prelate three hundred volumes of Spiritualist literature were, on the 9th inst., burned on the esplanade where criminals are executed. The *auto-da-fé* was under the direction of a priest in full canonicals, carrying a cross in one hand and a torch in the other. He was hooted by the crowd when he retired; and during the ceremony the spectators frequently shouted, "Down with the Inquisition!" The publisher who was the sufferer by this act of faith was obliged to content himself with the ashes of his books, of which he collected a few handfuls.

[Parts of an article in the *Danville Quarterly Review* for December, written by the Rev. Dr. Breckenridge, uncle of the late Vice-President. A former article from the same pen was copied into No. 895.]

THE CIVIL WAR:—ITS NATURE AND END.

- I. The Restoration of Peace shown to be impossible, except on the condition of the Preservation of the Federal Union and Constitution.
 - II. The Power of the Nation shown to be complete, and its Duty imperative, to crush this Rebellion, and preserve the Federal Union and Constitution.
 - III. The Internal State of the Country as affected by the War.
 - IV. The External Relations of the Country, considered with reference to the War.
- I. The Restoration of Peace shown to be impossible, except on the condition of the Preservation of the Federal Union and the Constitution.

There are considerations of various kinds, and of the most decisive force, which render it impossible for peace to be restored to the country, except upon the condition of a single National Government, common to the whole American people, and embracing every loyal and every revolted State. As a question of national strength in the presence of all foreign nations—and therefore of national independence; as a question of permanent national life struggling against anarchy in the form of secession; as a question of law and government and constitutional freedom, measuring its strength against an immense and utterly profligate political conspiracy; as a question of personal freedom, and popular institutions, in conflict with a class minority possessed of vast wealth, and reckless of everything but its own aggrandizement; as a question of the universal domination of this daring class, not only in the Slave States, so many of which it had temporarily subjugated, but over the nation itself, which it betrayed, plundered, insulted, and to which it claimed to dictate ignoble terms of composition, at the head of a military force threatening the capitol; as a question of the duty of the nation to its loyal citizens, constituting at that time the actual majority in the fifteen Slave States—but suddenly and by fraud and violence reduced to a state of helpless degradation: we attempted, from the beginning, to show that there was no course, either of honor or duty

or safely left to the nation, except to meet force by force, and to maintain the institutions of the country, and enforce the laws of the land, by the whole power of the American people. Nor do we suppose there is a single loyal person on this continent, who does not look with contempt, or with execration, upon the conduct of Mr. Buchanan and his Cabinet, during the last year of his administration: nor a single one who does not applaud the vigor and determination which the Congress of the United States, under the lead of Mr. Lincoln, have manifested in maintaining the integrity of the Union. But what we have now to urge goes beyond the state of the question heretofore discussed, and briefly recapitulated above. Influenced by such considerations as these, the nation accepted the war as unavoidable. What we maintain is, not merely that those considerations forbid the nation to terminate the war forced upon her, except in its complete success, but that in the very nature of the case, of the country, of all our institutions, and of the war itself, permanent peace is impossible, except upon the condition of a single National Government. We will endeavor to illustrate this idea.

Whoever will look at a map of the United States will observe that Louisiana lies on both sides of the Mississippi River, and that the States of Arkansas and Mississippi lie on the right and left banks of this great stream—eight hundred miles of whose lower course is thus controlled by these three States, unitedly inhabited by hardly as many white people as inhabit the city of New York. Observe then the country drained by this river, and its affluents, commencing with Missouri on its west bank, and Kentucky on its east bank. There are nine or ten powerful States—large portions of three or four others—several large Territories, in all a country as large as all Europe, as fine as any under the sun, already holding many more people than all the revolted States—and destined to be one of the most populous and powerful regions of the earth. Does any one suppose that these powerful States—this great and energetic population—will ever make a peace that shall put the lower course of this single and mighty natural outlet to the sea, in the hands of a foreign government far weaker than themselves? If there is any such person, he knows little

of the past history of mankind; and will, perhaps, excuse us for reminding him that the people of Kentucky, before they were constituted a State, gave formal notice to the Federal Government, when General Washington was President, that if the United States did not acquire Louisiana, they would themselves conquer it. The mouths of the Mississippi belong, by the gift of God, to the inhabitants of its great valley. Nothing but irresistible force can disinherit them.

Try another territorial aspect of the case. There is a bed of mountains abutting on the left bank of the Ohio, which covers all Western Virginia, and all Eastern Kentucky, to the width, from east to west, in those two States, of three or four hundred miles. These mountains stretching south-westwardly, pass entirely through Tennessee—cover the back parts of North Carolina and Georgia—heavily invade the northern part of Alabama—and make a figure even in the back parts of South Carolina and the eastern parts of Mississippi; having a course of, perhaps, seven or eight hundred miles, and running far south of the northern limit of profitable cotton culture. It is a region of three hundred thousand square miles—trenching upon eight or nine Slave States, though nearly destitute of slaves itself—trenching upon at least five Cotton States, though raising no cotton itself. The western part of Maryland and two-thirds of Pennsylvania, are embraced in the north-eastern continuation of this remarkable region. Can anything that passes under the name of statesmanship, be more preposterous, than the notion of permanent peace on this continent, founded on the abnegation of a common and paramount government, and the idea of the supercilious domination of the cotton interest and the slave trade, over such a mountain empire, so located, and so peopled!

As a further proof of the utter impossibility of peace, except under a common government, and at once an illustration of the import of what has just been stated, and the suggestion of a new and insuperable difficulty; let it be remembered that this great mountain region, throughout its general course, is more loyal to the Union than any other portion of the Slave States. It is the mountain counties of Maryland that have held treason in check in that State; it

is forty mountain counties in Western Virginia that have laid the foundation of a new and loyal commonwealth; it is the mountain counties of Kentucky that first and most eagerly took up arms for the Union; it is the mountain region of Tennessee that alone, in that dishonored State, furnished martyrs in the sacred cause of freedom; it is the mountain people of Alabama that boldly stood out against the Confederate Government, till their own leaders deserted and betrayed them. Now, is the nation prepared, under any imaginable circumstances, to sacrifice these heroic men, as a condition of peace conquered from them by traitors? Will the nation sell the blood—we will not say of a race of patriots—but of even a single one of them? The Representatives of these men sit in Congress; their Senators are in the capitol. Will the rebel States dismember themselves, that cotton may have peace? Will the nation turn its back on the five Border Slave States—deliver over Western Virginia to the sword and—cover its own infamy under the ruins of the Constitution? Never—never! Our sole alternative—is victory. To know this, is to render victory certain.

Again: Consider the question of boundary, as preliminary to peace. We have shown, on a former occasion, that the States of Maryland and Missouri stand in such relations, geographical and otherwise, to the nation, that they must necessarily share its fate. Since we gave expression to that opinion, much has happened to strengthen it, and increase the difficulties of any peaceful division of the country. Amongst other things, Congress has openly recognized the revolutionary Government in Western Virginia—and received Senators and Representatives from States in open rebellion: the armies of the Confederate States have invaded Western Virginia, Missouri, and Kentucky: and to *conquer a boundary* extending to the Chesapeake, the Ohio, and the Missouri, is one of the avowed objects of those invasions. Whatever may have been the state of public opinion in any of the five Border Slave States, at an early stage of our national difficulties, at present there is not, probably, a single loyal citizen in either of them, who would entertain, for a moment, the idea of being attached to the Southern Confederacy—or who would not denounce as atrocious, on the part of the General Gov-

ernment, any suggestion that looked toward the surrender of those five States to the Southern Confederacy, as a condition of peace. On the opposite side, it is most probable that every secessionist in those five States would greatly prefer the continuance of the war to peace, accompanied by such a division of the nation as would attach the Border Slave States to the Northern portion; while the more violent portion of them would, probably, prefer the continuance of the war, to the complete restoration of the Union on any terms. But these Border Slave States are, and must continue to be, the chief theatre of the war, so long as the issue of the war hangs in the least suspense. We say nothing here of the absolute necessity of the conquest of the secession party, and the restoration of the Union and the power of the National Government, as the solitary condition upon which the peace or safety of the whole country is possible. What we say is, that in the actual condition of the country, of the war, and of the avowed aims and recognized obligations of both parties, the question of boundary renders peace impossible, even if both parties desired peace upon every other ground. We readily admit that there is hardly an imaginable contingency, in which the Confederate Government can ever conquer, or the nation ever concede, any boundary—that ought to be an allowable basis of peace. But this only shows how clear it is that the nation can contemplate no alternative but triumph or ruin; and that the conspirators against its peace and glory have madly plunged into a wicked rebellion, which could have no result but the subjugation of the whole nation, or their own destruction. At first, their pretext was—the *right* of each State to secede. Now they seek to *conquer* States that refuse to secede. Perfidious, at first, to all the States; perfidious, now, to each separate State.

[A paragraph upon the Indian tribes is here omitted.]

The question of slavery offers us another example, in the same category with the preceding one, of the madness of the whole secession conspiracy; and another proof that the restoration of permanent peace to the country by means of its division into two confederacies, or by any other means except the restoration of the Union and the

maintenance of a single national government co-extensive with the whole nation, is totally impossible. Upon the supposition that all parties were willing to divide the nation on the slave line, *provided* the new confederacies could make mutually satisfactory agreements, and could be mutually made to keep them in regard to negro slavery; such a basis of peace would rest on this childish absurdity—that the obligations of a treaty between hostile States are more effectual than the obligations of a government over the different portions of its own citizens—notwithstanding governments have the sanction of force in a hundred-fold greater degree than treaties can have, and have, in addition, ten thousand sanctions which no treaty can have. We think we have demonstrated, on a former occasion, that the profitable continuance of negro slavery anywhere on this continent, and its continuance at all in the Border Slave States, depends absolutely upon the existence of a common national government embracing both the Free States and the Slave States; and it seems to us that the developments of the war add continually to the force of what we then said. The preservation of the Union and the Constitution preserves at the same time, in all its integrity, the national settlement of the question of slavery made at the adoption of the Constitution itself; which was effectual for all the purposes intended, through more than seventy years of unparalleled prosperity; and is competent still through all coming time to give peace and security, if anything under heaven is competent to do so. On the contrary, forfeiting that settlement as soon as we subvert the Constitution and destroy the Union—it may be confidently asserted that the new confederacies which are to arise will find themselves incompetent to settle even the preliminary basis of a treaty concerning their mutual rights and obligations touching the negro race on this continent; and that, even if they should be able to come to some uncertain and temporary understanding on the subject, stable peace between the parties, much less stable security to slave property, would be impossible. Our political system, made up of sovereign commonwealths united under a supreme Federal Government, affords not only the highest, but the only effectual protection for interests that are

local and exceptional, and at the same time out of sympathy with the general judgment of mankind. And of all possible interests, that of the owners of slaves, in a free country, stands most in need of the protection of such a system. It is extremely difficult to say what effect, precisely, this war and its possible results may have upon the institution of slavery in America. So much at least is certain—that the total suppression of the present revolt, is hardly more important to any class of American citizens, than to the slaveholders of the country: and that the obstinate continuance of the war, by the South, will do nothing more surely than drain the slaves, owned by secessionists in the Border States, farther south—and leave the slave interest in the restored Union, a far weaker political element than it was when they sought to strengthen it by revolution.

We need not press any further the proof of the great truth we are asserting. The service we are doing is not so much to disclose new truths, as to make a clear statement of the grounds of a common and fixed conviction, which the public mind has widely and instinctively adopted. It is a conviction just in itself, and noble both in its origin and impulses. We will not agree to the ruin of our glorious country; and so we are not grieved to see that we cannot do it with any hope of peace thereby. We will not allow the Constitution to be subverted, the Union to be destroyed, and the nation to be divided; and so we are glad that in the order of God's providence, the alternative to which the nation is shut up—is victory. If the people in the States which have taken up arms against our national life, will rise up in their might, recover their liberty, and put an end to the traitorous dominion of the cruel and perfidious class minority which is degrading and oppressing them, the nation has no further cause of war with them. If they will not do this, or if they cannot do it in their present miserable condition, it must be done for them—and it will be. The American people have not sought this war; they were led to the brink, not only of ruin, but of infamy, in the attempt to avoid it. . . . And now, in this great crisis, if God will own our efforts, we will retrieve our destiny—and teach mankind a lesson which after ages will be slow to forget.

II. The Power of the Nation shown to be complete, and its duty imperative, to crush this rebellion, and preserve the Federal Union and Constitution.

[We have omitted all the pages, under this head.]

III. The Internal State of the Country, as affected by the War.

When we speak of the moral condition of the country, we do not intend, especially, its spiritual state, as in the sight of God. We mean that moral state which is the sum of all the good and all the evil, presented in our mixed and confused probationary state—and presented to us now and amongst ourselves, as characteristic of our condition, and as decisively influential upon the future. This rebellion begins in an outrage upon many of the clearest obligations of natural religion—loyalty, love of country, fidelity to public trusts, gratitude for honors bestowed, truth and manhood in the discharge of obligations voluntarily assumed, nay, eagerly sought. How many of the leaders of this rebellion are free from the stain on their personal honor, of deliberately transgressing some or all of those natural obligations, which no contingency under heaven can justify any one in violating! We speak not of the mere fact of treason, as defined by human laws. What we speak of is the perfidy, in every revolting form, which has marked this treason, in its birth, in its growth, and in its present frantic struggle: men seeking to overthrow monuments, cemented by the blood of their immediate ancestors; men dishonoring names, illustrious through many generations; men betraying their friends, their neighbors, their kindred; men seducing children to take up arms against their parents—and then banding them with savages to desolate their own homes with fire and sword. It is a madness—a fearful madness. No madness can be greater, except the madness that could induce this great nation to suppose that God allows it to let this go unpunished.

Perhaps the most dangerous, as well as the most universal form, in which this characteristic perfidy has made itself manifest, is the suddenness with which thousands of *spies and informers* have appeared throughout the nation, the tenacity with which they have everywhere followed their degrading employment, and the alacrity with which honors and rewards, almost to the very high-

est, have been lavished upon them by the rebel government and people. In the States which have seceded, the mass of the loyal people, overwhelmed by force, have quietly acquiesced. In the loyal States, the mass of the disloyal people—wherever opportunity offered—seem to have given themselves up to a regular system of espionage, by means of which the rebel authorities, civil and military, have been kept perfectly informed of all they desire to know. All ranks of society, persons in private life and those in every kind of public employment from the lowest to the highest, persons of every age and of both sexes; appear to make it the chief business of their lives to obtain secret and dangerous information for the benefit of the rebel authorities. Betraying their country, they break with indifference every tie that binds human beings to each other. The humiliated parent doubts whether his own disloyal child will not betray him; the husband may not safely confide in his disloyal wife; and as for the obligation of civil or military oaths, or the honor which should bind every one in whom trust is reposed, no loyal man in America any longer believes that the mass of secessionists scattered through the loyal States, recognize the validity of these sacred bonds. It is, we suppose, certain, past doubt, that every important military movement since the war began has been betrayed to the enemy before it was made; and nine-tenths of the evils and miscarriages we have suffered have been occasioned by *spies and informers* in our midst.

Such a state of affairs as this cannot be endured. The danger of it renders it intolerable. The enormity of it justifies any remedy its extirpation may require. And they who are innocent of such turpitude themselves, instead of raising a clamor at the use of any means by which society seeks to protect itself, ought to be thankful for any opportunity to clear themselves from the suspicion under which they may have fallen.

As for us, we are ready to stand by the chief law officer of the Government, the Attorney-General of the United States, who, as we understand the matter, has given the explicit sanction of his high professional standing, and that of his great office, to the course which the President has taken.

* * * * *

The financial condition and prospects of the country—the cost of the war in money, the questions of public credit, taxes, currency, public debt, and the like—are of great importance in themselves; and the use which is made of the popular ignorance on such subjects—by exaggerating whatever is evil and suppressing whatever is favorable, and by both means shaking the public constancy in pushing the war to a complete triumph—adds greatly to that importance. They who are familiar with such topics can do no greater service to the country than to remove all mystery from them, and disclose with precision our condition and prospects with reference to them. For ourselves, we readily admit that, in our judgment, the end demanded—namely, the independence of the nation, the freedom of the people, the security of society, and the glory of the country—ought to be achieved, let the pecuniary cost and the financial result be what they may. After our triumph, the country will remain, and it will belong to our posterity; and no one need doubt that the triumphant people will make the glorious country worth all it cost us to save both; nor that posterity will venerate, as they should, the heroic generation that sacrificed all, to save all. There is, however, no ordinary possibility that very great pecuniary sacrifices will be required of the loyal portion of the nation; and it is not out of the reach of probability that they may, as a whole, derive considerable pecuniary advantage from the aggregate result of this unnatural war. We will explain ourselves in as few words as possible.

So far as the great losses, if not the total ruin, of large numbers of people in a nation, are necessarily pecuniary misfortunes to the whole population, we do not see how the restored nation is to escape very great loss by this war. For it seems to us impossible for the Southern States, even if the war could be arrested at once, to extricate themselves from their deplorable financial condition, without extreme sacrifice; just as it seems to us certain that the main source of their affluence, in their own opinion—their virtual monopoly of cotton in the market of the world—is forever ended. If they protract this war to their utmost power, the Confederate Government, and every State govern-

ment connected with it, will come out of the war utterly bankrupt. The creditors of all those Governments will be so far ruined, as the loss of some thousand millions of dollars due to them by those Governments, can ruin their creditors. Some thousand millions more will be sunk in individual losses, unconnected with the Governments. Every species of property will fall, say one-half or more, in its merchantable value. The whole paper currency, after falling gradually till it ceases to be competent for any payment at all—will fall as an entire loss on the holders of it; the precious metals having long ago ceased to circulate. In the mean time, if the country is not speedily conquered, it passes over from the hands of the present usurpers, into the hands of three or four hundred thousand armed men—whose only means of existence is their arms. This, in every item of it, means desolation. In the aggregate, it presents a condition, which all the statesmen in the world have not the wisdom to unravel into prosperity, without first passing through multiplied evils, the least of which is infinitely greater than the greatest of those for which they took up arms against the Union. No such revolution as that attempted in the South can succeed; and its inevitable failure draws after it, always, a revolution in property. The present disloyal race of cotton and sugar and rice planters of the South—its great property holders, who ought, above all men, to have put down this rebellion—will, as a class, disappear, beggared, perhaps in large proportion extinct, when the war is over. It is a fearful retribution; but we do not see how they can escape it.

In effect, therefore, the Federal Government and the loyal States of America have no alternative but, besides maintaining their own financial solvency and credit during the war, to retrieve the ruin of the Southern States, as a part of the nation, after the war is done. No enlightened man ought to have any doubt of their ability to do both. At the present moment, we will enter no farther into the question of the national ability to do the latter, after the war is over; than to desire the reader to make, for himself, a full and just comparison of the present financial conditions of the United States, and the Confederate States—and satisfy himself of

the true causes of the immeasurable difference between them.

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IV. The External relations of the Country, considered with reference to the War.

The secessionists would have mankind believe, that their conduct is prompted by the most elevated principles, and directed by the noblest instincts. In illustration of these pretensions, those who were in the highest civil stations, plundered the Government under which they were Senators, Members of Congress, and Cabinet officers: those who were in the naval and military service, betrayed the flag of their country, and delivered up, not only strong places, but the troops confided to them: those who had the opportunity, robbed the Government of money: those who were on foreign diplomatic service, used their positions to the greatest possible injury of the nation: and if there were any exceptions of honorable conduct amongst them (we do know of a single one) they occurred amongst those of subordinate rank, and have been concealed by their comrades, as marks of weakness. All these degrading evidences of the total demoralization of the party, occurred in that stage of the conspiracy, immediately preparatory to the commencement of open hostilities by them. At first, they seemed to have supposed that the nation would make no serious attempt to reduce them by force, and that a great people, betrayed and sold, would accept the ignominious fate prepared for it. When they awoke from this stupid dream, their first resort was, very naturally, to an exhibition of the quality of their heroism; and their wail of "*No coercion*" resounded through the land—echoed back by the concerted cry of their secret allies in the loyal States, "*Peace, on any terms, with our brethren.*" Their next resort, just as naturally, was a manifestation of the reality of their boasted confidence in themselves, in their resources, and in their cause. This, also, they exhibited in a manner perfectly characteristic. Emissaries were despatched to all foreign nations, embracing even the distracted Governments south of us, and not forgetting even our Indian tribes, or the Mormon kingdom. Everywhere, under the sun, where the least help seemed attainable, by whatever means they supposed might be

effectual, they eagerly sought it. Sometimes by menaces, sometimes by solicitations, sometimes seeking alliance, sometimes protection, sometimes offering everything, sometimes begging for anything—even for a king, if they could get nothing better. But always, and everywhere, help was what they wanted! Help, against their own country, which they had betrayed. Oh! patriots! Help, against their own people, whom they professed to have terrified, and to be able to subdue. Oh! heroes! A more shameful record does not disfigure the history of sedition.

The United States have had three foreign wars, in eighty-six years; two with Great Britain, one with Mexico; the whole three occupying less than one-seventh part of their national existence. Peace is emphatically the desire and policy of the nation; for peace offers to it conquests, well understood by it, far greater than any nation ever obtained by war. To treat all nations as friends, to treat them all alike, to have alliances with none, to have treaties of peace and commerce with all, to demand nothing that is not just and equal, to submit to nothing that is wrong: this is the simple, wise, and upright foreign policy of this great country. Seated, so to speak, on the outer margin of the world, as the world's civilization stood at the birth of this great nation, the fathers of the Republic understood and accepted the peculiar lot which God had assigned to their country; and their descendants, to the fourth and fifth generation, had steadily developed the noble and fruitful policy of their ancestors, beholding continually the increasing power and glory, in the fruition of which, in our day, they constituted one of the chief empires of the world. Whatever else the nation may have learned, or left unlearned, in a career so astonishing, it has learned at least that the career itself is not yet accomplished, and that it must not be cut short. It must not be; for we dare not allow it, as we would answer to God, to the human race, to the shade of our ancestors, and to the reproaches of our posterity. The very idea of forcing us, by means of foreign intervention, besides the indignation it begets, shows us how indispensable it is to our independence as a nation, that we must preserve the power by which to defy all such atrocious attempts. The true interpretation for a wise nation to

put on such a menace, is that it already behooves it to become more powerful. In the present condition of the chief nations of the earth, invincible strength is the first condition of national independence. And we, who are out of the European community of States, and out of the scope of their fixed ideas of European balance of power, which has, for so long a period, regulated that continent; are, beyond all other nations, pressed with the necessity of augmenting, instead of diminishing our power, if we would preserve our freedom. Two nations of moderate force made out of ours—and the continent is at the mercy of every powerful European combination: and this is the idea of freedom and glory, that characterizes the Confederate Government. One mighty nation—and the United States may defy all Europe combined; and this is the American idea of American independence. Let the fact, therefore, be taken as final, that any foreign attempt to support the secession rebellion, is not merely tantamount to a declaration of war—but to war against the future independence of the United States. And let the Federal Government clearly understand, that this is the deliberate sense of the American people. And let all foreign Governments be made fully aware that this is the sense in which such an attempt will be taken.

We do not ourselves believe that any foreign Government will interfere in our unhappy civil war.* The doctrine of non-intervention in the domestic affairs of nations, is not only the settled international law of Europe; but it has been of late thoroughly and generally enforced, and its present breach would completely tear in pieces the web of diplomacy that involves the European system of peace. Nor do we see what any European nation could gain by assailing us, comparable to the risk it would run. They certainly would get but little *cotton* by it, if that is what they seek—for some years to come, if ever. Cotton is a product of the plow and the hoe—not of the sword and the gun; and commerce means peace, not war. We do see, moreover, how any serious injury to the United States, might fatally affect one and another European nation; and we can hardly imagine the overthrow of our

* This article was published before the arrest of Mason and Sidel.

national power to be attempted by any European combination, under existing circumstances, without producing a general European war—if not immense European revolutions. France, it is clear, has the highest interest in preventing the destruction of the only maritime power in the world, besides herself, that can even keep in check the dominion of England over the sea; a dominion which, for seventy years, France has been diligently preparing to dispute. England, whatever may be the wishes and feelings of certain classes, is still more thoroughly restrained. For—to say nothing of the probable loss of her American possessions, nothing of the ruin of her commerce throughout the world—her fierce population, educated for a whole generation to a fanatical hatred of slavery, and having hardly finished paying a hundred millions of dollars to extinguish it in their own cotton and sugar colonies; would be slow to indulge in the spending of two or three thousand millions more, in a war which they would understand to be for the maintenance of the very cotton and sugar slavery in foreign States, which they have so lately bought out, at home. They are a people, besides, that when driven to extremity, have small faith in royal dynasties—and have, before now, despatched kings in the closet, on the battle-field, and upon the scaffold. Spain is hardly worth speaking about in this connection, except as the owner of some desirable islands in the Gulf of Mexico; *mare nostrum* (our sea) as the Romans proudly called the Mediterranean. And these are the chief maritime powers of Europe—certainly the only ones we need take into this account. We will add nothing concerning the friendly dispositions of all other European Governments; nothing concerning the public opinion of Europe, before which even governments must bow; nothing concerning the traditional and vehement sympathy of those masses of European population who make revolutions, whose hearts are with the United States even against their own sovereigns, and so many thousands of whose near kindred and friends are to-day amongst the best officers and most effective troops in our armies. Enough, it seems to us, has been said to direct the thoughts of the reader toward those considerations, which ought to satisfy the public mind on this particular topic. With ordi-

nary prudence, courage, and fair dealing, on the part of our Government, with foreign States, it does not appear to us that there is any ordinary possibility of a serious rupture with any of them, growing out of this war.

If, however, contrary to our judgment of the facts, war should be forced upon us by any foreign nation—or should occur from any untoward accident, there is no reason to doubt our ability to put down the rebellion in the South, and maintain the Union, notwithstanding the utmost aid the greatest foreign nation could give to the rebels. We will not now discuss the subject, in that aspect. Such a war as we have said, will, probably, not occur in our day. If it ever does occur, either it will wholly fail in its avowed object—or its effects will be far greater and more lasting, than they who bring it on expect or intend. Let mankind, at length, receive the sublime truth, that great nations do not die; that great peoples do not perish. Let them accept, at last, the astonishing fact—more palpable in the developments of our age, than ever before—that nationalities once established, are, according to any measure of time known to history, really immortal. And then let them remember, that this is, in truth, a great nation, and that the nationality shared by the American people, is not only thoroughly established, but one of the most distinct and powerful that ever existed.

It seems proper, in this connection, to make some general allusion to the naval arm of the public service, and to the naval power of the United States. Proper in some part of this paper; because that element of our national power, must be considered decisive of the contest with the rebel States, even if they were in other respects as strong as the nation itself. Proper in this place; because it is the supremacy of the navies both of France and Great Britain over ours—that exposes us to the degradation even of a menace, from either of those powers—and that begets the wild hope in the Confederate Government, that either of them will interfere in this war, on its behalf. If the navy of the United States bore any fair comparison with that of either of the two powers that rank with us, as the great maritime States of the world; no one ever would have heard a whisper about the armed intervention of either of them, in our domestic troubles.

And if, at the commencement of this rebellion, the military marine of the United States, even such as it then was, had been promptly and skilfully used, the revolt could have been suppressed at the tenth part—perhaps the hundredth part—of the treasure and the blood it may cost. It is, unhappily, true that the conspiracy against the country embraced a large number of the officers of the navy, as well as of the army; and that the ships and navy-yards, as well as the forts and regiments, had been carefully disposed, by a corrupt administration, in such a manner as to render them as little serviceable as possible. But, besides this, both arms of the service, and especially the navy, were shamefully inadequate to the safety, the power, and the dignity of the nation; and both arms, but especially the navy, came utterly short, at first, of what might have been justly expected of them. It is to be hoped that the time has fully come, to retrieve errors which have cost us so much.

From the remotest antiquity, the maritime powers of the world have exerted an influence over human affairs, altogether disproportionate to their relative strength, as compared with other nations. The Phœnicians, the maritime cities of Greece, the Greek cities of Asia Minor, the Carthaginians, the Italian Free Cities of the Middle Ages, more recently Holland, and, for nearly two centuries past, Great Britain: everywhere, in all ages, the same truths are palpable—commerce is the parent of national wealth—and a military marine is, relatively to all other means of national power and security, by far the cheapest, the most effective,

and the least dangerous to public freedom. The United States are fitted, in every way, to become the first maritime power in the world. And some of the best fruits of the terrible lesson we are now learning, will be lost, unless our statesmen of the present age, and of future generations, comprehend more clearly than hitherto, that the mission set before the American people cannot be accomplished, either in its internal completeness, or its external force, except by means of a military marine equal, at the very least, to the greatest in the world.

The liberty and glory of the Greeks were altogether personal. The freedom and power of the Roman Republic were altogether public. The great problem yet to be solved, is the transcendent union of both. It belongs to the American people, if they see fit, to give and enjoy this sublime illustration of human grandeur. The indispensable elements of success, are, *internally*, the perfect preservation of our political system, in its whole purity, its whole force, and its whole extent: and, *externally*, the complete independence of the nation, of all foreign powers. In maintaining the former, our immediate necessity is—to extinguish, at whatever cost, this civil war. In preserving the latter, our immediate necessity is—to repel, amicably if we can, with arms if need be, and at every hazard, all foreign interference in support of this rebellion. We are able, if God requires it at our hands, to do both by his help. Our star is set, when we fail of doing either. With nations, there is a great choice in the way of dissolution—the choice between the contempt, and the veneration, of the human race.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.—At the meeting of this society on the 30th ultimo, a good account was given of the prosperous advance of the society. Although established but little more than four months, it already musters one hundred and sixty members, and is daily receiving additional subscribers. Its object and purpose are to make known the many beautiful photographs, not excelled even by the works of professors of the art, which have hitherto remained unseen in private cabinets, except to the immediate friends of the owners. The society print from the negatives sent by their members, and dispose of the copies by sale to the public; each member contributing negatives

being entitled to select two guineas' worth of photographs for his guinea subscription, and to have any additional quantity at half the sale price. Subscribers not contributing negatives have a similar but not so great an advantage. The society seems to be taking firm hold, when already gentlemen in India, Canada, Antigua, Rio Janeiro, Cape of Good Hope, and other foreign parts have enlisted themselves; and the fact makes it evident how much good service may be rendered to science, as well as instruction and amusement given to the public, if the society's matters are well managed; of which we certainly have a guarantee while such men as Mr. Glashier and Mr. Shadbolt remain on the committee.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

LETTERS OF JUNIUS UNDER THEIR
COMIC ASPECT.

THE victims of a delusion, when it has been exposed, are not unusually the first to laugh at their credulity, which is some set-off to previous discomfort or misleading. If, for instance, in the evening twilight we have mistaken a Scotch thistle for a ghost, or a black ram for a German ogre, a mirthful outbreak offers a welcome equivalent for antecedent fears and misapprehensions. These, however, are only fleeting deceptions of the senses, as unimportant as the wild imagery of a dream, and unlike the mental phantasma of a more abiding nature, by which, from mistaken impressions, a community has been misled for generations. Of this higher class may be reckoned the story of the "Letters of Junius," and having been lately occupied in completing the discovery* of the great political enigma of nearly a century, I shall on this occasion touch upon the authorship of them in some of its more amusing presentments. Independent of the mystery of their origin, they form an epoch in political writing, from which the commencement of journalistic power may be dated, and as such, a step of intellectual progress meriting attention.

But I must first premise that I consider little or any doubt remains of the author of these celebrated epistles. That the Letters were written, and that Sir Philip Francis was the author of them, appear facts alike indubitable. But the most remarkable incident in their history is, that the world should have been so long and successfully deceived; that a score and more of persons should have been challenged, and never the right one; yet that the author should be of no mean eminence in public life, be always astir in broad day, still, notwithstanding his notoriety, continue unrevealed and even unsuspected, though several beside himself were in the secret, and that, at the last, was he only fixed upon from an accidental collocation of names and dates inadvertently furnished by himself, despite of his anxious and ever-watchful efforts to preserve to the last his anonymity.

Astounding as these truths are, they are not of difficult solution. The glittering

* By the Essay on the "Letters of Junius," in Mr. Bohn's Standard Library

gems in the astral vault are innumerable and unchangeable in place, but if we look for any particular star in the wrong place we shall not find it. It was so with Junius; he was sought where he was not. At the outset inquirers were put on a wrong scent. He was a great writer, and it was concluded from his rare gifts, vast information, and lofty demeanor, that he must also be a great personage—a minister of state, generalissimo, or perhaps the king himself, for even George III. ranked among the imputed.

All that Francis did or assumed—his anonymous simulations of high connections, proud disdain of assailants, polished and sarcastic diction—were essential to the success of his enterprise. They are the attributes wont to be associated with power, and his aim was to be oracular from a lofty perch. Less would not have sufficed. He had a great design in hand for his station—to overturn a ministry and replace it by another more favorable to his own purposes. But himself only a young man, a clerk in the War-office, thunder or fiery darts from such a crater, had they been permitted to issue by his superiors, would have been powerless. The world is shy of *parvenus*, the unknown or untried, and perhaps wisely so. Those who assume to teach or direct it must first show credentials—have slain their Goliath like the son of Jessie—or produce other testimonial of fitness and capability. Francis could not do this. He possessed uncommon abilities, of which he was no doubt conscious; had won medals and other scholastic honors, and had obtained little places and preferments from exalted patrons—all, however, inadequate pretensions for the vocation to which he ambitiously aspired, as pilot of the state vessel, and supreme director of public opinion through the agency of the press.

In the absence of the real, to give weight and authority to his writings, he tendered the counterfeit, which was fully and without mistrust accepted. He had previously, under other signatures, essayed his 'prentice hand, and had become master of the chief arts of popular impression and literary composition. To gain the general ear was his first object, and with this view, in his opening letter, he commences in the not unusual routine by flattering the people for their just and elevated sentiments and innocence of

blame for public calamities. These he traces wholly to the executive government, none of the members of which have the requisite experience, abilities, or common sense; the king, too, he considerably exempts from all blame, and lauds him for "the purest of all possible hearts," and his anxious endeavor at the outset of his reign to unite parties, and select the most worthy to rule. Having separated the innocent, he pounces on the guilty, dissects the entire ministry, holding up each singly and successively to scorn and contumely. Grafton, as the head of it, is, of course, the chief delinquent—a "young nobleman already ruined by play," and "an apostate by design from every honorable engagement;" yet to him is committed the "finances of a nation already sinking under its debts and expenses." The chancellor of the exchequer, Lord North, is next arraigned as without parliamentary abilities and influence; "repeatedly called down for absolute ignorance, ridiculous motions ridiculously withdrawn, deliberate plans disconcerted, and a week's preparation of graceful oratory lost in a moment." The rest are depicted in similar disparaging colors, and a string of terse, telling, and compact paragraphs, wound up with the declaration that the "crisis is so full of terror and despair," that nothing less can save the nation from the vices and incapacities of its administration than the "merciful interposition of Providence."

Denunciation of this Olympian pitch at once arrested public attention, and drew into the lists no unworthy opponent, with real name, distinguished in public life for military services, as well as a scholar and accomplished gentleman. Sir William Draper did not aim at a general reply to the anti-ministerial strictures of Junius, but only to rescue his particular friend, the Marquis of Granby, from the talons of his assailant. In his devotion he himself became the victim, and was unmercifully shown up in respect of his own pseudo-public services, pension, honors, and preferment. The position of Junius at the War-office enabled him to do this with minuteness and force, though he inadvertently fell into an error as to forms in his own office, which Sir William laid hold of. The combatants exchanged several missives, and though Sir William had the worst of the conflict, Junius admitted

that his labors as author did no discredit to a "newspaper." He evinced his defeat by losing his temper, and seeking to make the controversy a personal affair by calling on Junius to unmask and take the responsibility of "strong assertions without proof, declamation without argument, and violent censures without dignity or moderation." But this concession was inadmissible, as Junius had only appeared with visor down, and in such guise Sir William had volunteered a passage of arms.

But Junius aimed at more exalted quarry than a colonel on half-pay. It was the downfall of the ministry he sought, and for this issue singled out its head, the First Lord of the Treasury, for annihilation. It arose from an indefensible attempt of the minister to screen from justice a party of guards who had rescued General Gansel from the hands of the sheriff's officers, after they had arrested him for debt. It was followed by others inculpatory of the public acts of the Duke of Grafton, and his private character was assailed by imputations on his morality in openly parading his mistress in a public theatre. The chancellor of the exchequer, Lord North, is addressed in a lively, sarcastic, and pungent epistle, for rewarding the services of Colonel Luttrell to the ministry, in coming forward to contest with Alderman Wilkes the representation of Middlesex. Upon the Duke of Bedford, Junius concentrated all his venom; his grace had become unpopular from his negotiation of the peace of 1763, but his great offence was his junction with the Grafton ministry, by which its dissolution was delayed. The duke was more unmercifully mangled than any, by a contumacious appreciation of his general character, bitter railing against his political conduct, and personal anecdotal disparagements. But in this consisted the subtlety of the state satirist—the most exalted are the most humiliated—serving thereby a double purpose in reducing the influence of the most powerful and magnifying that of their invisible assailant. It was more by his unsparing attacks on the grandees of the realm than the vigor and finish of his writings that the fame of Junius culminated. In respect of literary tact and polish, some of his known earlier writings were little inferior to his later compositions, but they failed, in common with effusions from others, to make a signal

popular impression. It was only when ducal statesmen, or still more exalted personages, were subjected to his incisive pen that general attention was aroused. This gave a marked impulse to the sale of the *Public Advertiser*, in which they first appeared, and were thence reprinted by other journals. His famous address to the king completed his renown, established him as the most bold and accomplished gladiator that ever figured in journalist columns. Of this spirited and dignified effusion he himself appears to have thought highly. In a private note to the printer he says, "I am now meditating a capital, and, I hope, a final, piece." It must have answered his utmost expectations, for an unprecedented number (seventeen hundred and fifty) of extra copies were printed of the *Public Advertiser*, and not a single copy was to be procured a few hours after its publication. It was for this production Mr. Woodfall was prosecuted, and obtained the celebrated verdict of "guilty of printing and publishing only." This novel and equivocal return gave rise to two distinct motions in court, one by defendant, for arrest of judgment, and an adverse one by the crown. On the case being argued, the court of King's Bench granted a new trial. But this also failed, from the neglect of the attorney-general in not producing the original newspaper by which the publication could be proved.

These futile and blundering proceedings of course made an immense noise, and elevated Junius to the highest pinnacle, on which for a season he continued as the greatest and most mysterious incendiary that had appeared, defiant of authority in its highest seats. The celebrated Horne Tooke, with others of no little consideration, essayed to break a lance with him; they helped to diversify the incidents of the battle-field, and were dealt with in that pleasant put-aside fashion that made it appear like a condescension to notice such small fry. The loftiest in the literary and political world esteemed it not beneath them to speculate on the new Hercules that had strangled, sans pity, all who had excited his ire. That he was a person of the highest mark in scholarship, unsurpassed in ability in state and legislation, in court life and personal connections, not a particle of doubt was entertained. Among the suspected by different writers,

with varying degrees of proof, from resemblance of sentiment, handwriting, style, and so forth, were six peers of the realm, two bishops, numerous commoners, and some of the principal literati of the time. Dr. Johnson thought it was Burke's thunder, but Edmund satisfied the Gamaliel of his innocence. Indeed, Burke was among the bewildered, and equally carried off his feet with the great moralist. It originated his well-known description of the mighty boar of the forest, who had broken through all the toils of the law, bearing away in his tusks the mangled "limbs of king, lords, and commons." Lord North sought to comfort the orator, assuring him that "the mighty Junius, who had foiled the hunters, would in the end be speared."

This extravagance must have been as amusing as gratifying to the unknown in his War-office retreat. The extreme caution and dexterous contrivances by which he threw the hunters, who were many besides Mr. Garrick, on a wrong scent, were quite equal, if not superior, in cleverness to his writings. Discovery would have been fatal to him in every respect—to his official permanence, to the weight and celebrity of his Letters, and to his future hopes from a Chatham restoration. Consequently, false lights were thrown out in every direction to divert suspicion from the Horse Guards. Junius thus became, to the imagination of his contemporaries and other inquirers, a patrician figure, in which every feature of personality, birth, and position differed from the reality. "My rank and fortune," he says, "place me above a common bribe." A seat in the Cabinet, of course, or more potential individuality, could only buy him. Probably he was one of the great but disappointed hereditary heads of parties—a Rockingham, Grenville, Shelburne, or Chatham. A fallen angel certainly, perhaps the highest, with Satanic powers, intense pride, hatred, and ambition. "You shall know me by my works," he tells Woodfall. Mere gain from his writings appears beneath notice. In a note respecting a reprint of his Letters, he says, "What you say about profits is very handsome. I like to deal with such men. As for myself, I am far above all pecuniary views."

Not content with creating an impression of affluence and rank, he sought to clothe himself, though a young man, with the venerableness of age. As one of the fruits of

his past life, he strongly inculcates honesty to Woodfall. "After long experience in the world," he tells him, "I can assure you I never knew a rogue who was happy." Wilkes tries to draw him to a Mansion-house ball; offers him tickets, and expresses the joy he would feel to see him dance with Polly, his daughter. Junius replies: "Many thanks for your obliging offer, but, alas, my age and figure would do little credit to my partner." Would not any one have inferred the writer was an old man; or, if not advanced in years, beyond middle life and somewhat portly. But Francis was never corpulent; bone and muscle, as in his writings, were dominant over the softer tissues.

Mr. Woodfall, who had been his school-fellow at St. Paul's, and who in personal contact must have recognized him, he was very apprehensive of meeting. At one time he thought Woodfall had made the discovery; but he was re-assured, and was successful in completely blinding him. The printer became so awe-struck by a sense of the great unknown with whom he was in correspondence, that he reverentially sought his guidance in the discharge of his electoral duties. The great demi-gorgon of the city lay prostrate. "I do not mean," says Wilkes, "to indulge the impertinent curiosity of finding out the most important secret of our times—the authorship of Junius. I will not attempt with profane hands to tear the sacred veil of the sanctuary. I am disposed, with the inhabitants of Attica, to erect an altar to the unknown god of our political idolatry, and will be content to worship him in clouds and darkness." To whom the god replies, first reproving the lax ethics of his worshipper: "I find I am treated as other gods usually are by their votaries, with sacrifice and ceremony in abundance, and very little obedience. The profession of your faith is unexceptionable; but I am a modest deity, and should be full as well satisfied with morality and good works.*

The myrmidons of the court and responsible advisers of the crown stood aghast, confounded by the mortal shafts aimed by the invisible archer. It was the apparent omnipresence of the foe and his universal knowledge of great and small affairs that alarmed and distracted suspicions. No state coun-

cil, project, or change escaped his all-prying eyes. If a secret expedition was fitting out, he knew it; if war impended, he anticipated all the quidnuncs of the Cocoa-tree. If ministerial changes were in prospect, Junius was the first to signal them. Were a nobleman affronted, he was the earliest to denounce it. "That Swinney," says he, "is a wretched but dangerous fool to address Lord George Sackville." "Beware of David Garrick; he was sent to pump you, and went directly to tell the king." Of the cabals, clubs, and officials of the city of London he was equally cognizant. He cautions Alderman Wilkes against making "himself so cheap by walking the streets so much." Doubtless, wishing it to be understood he had desecrated him from his carriage, or other patrician stall, in the practice of so plebeian a style of locomotion.

In such assumptions consist the chief comedy of the Junius' Letters. The writer was nearly at the lowest step of promotion's ladder, and adroitly scheming, by false lights and intense labor, to reach a higher round. His extraordinary industry and efforts to compass this issue it is impossible to consider without admiration. The composition of the Letters must have been the result of elaborate pains, thought, and research, independent of the ordinary duties of his clerkship. Traces appear in some of them, from the absence of sequence, in the construction of the paragraphs, that they were not thrown off at a heat, but composed, or sketched, probably, on separate slips of paper, and then from haste, or want of time, sent to the printer without a proper fusion and arrangement of parts. Composition was only one of the anxious duties pertaining to the Letters. The materials had been to collect, inquiries to be made in various channels and of divers persons; and, lastly, the conveyance of the finished product, all under strict secrecy, to the office of the *Advertiser*.

All this, however, comports well with the history and character of Sir Philip Francis, whose ambition was less the desire of literary celebrity than of official pre-eminence. He was never a recluse, but a man of action; clever and alert in society, as well as a precocious scholar. When a minor, he frequently dined with his elders at the table-d'hôte of Slaughter's Coffee-house. Higher

* Excerpts from the writer's "Essay," and essential to bring out the aim of the present article.

sources of intelligence than that of town adventures flowed from his peculiar connection at the War-office, or from persons who, like himself, were busy in the gossip, hopes, and affairs of political life. In all these respects he was advantageously placed, both from his position in a public department and personal affinities. Early in life, from ability and trustworthiness, he had obtained the confidential patronage of the first Lord Holland, next of the Earl of Chatham; these able and influential noblemen, not directly, probably, but through the intermediate agency of Earl Temple, Mr. Calcraft, and Dr. Francis, became the chief sources of the private information of Junius. They had ample means for contributing all the parliamentary, court, and club news that rendered the Letters remarkable. The City news passed partly through the same hands, especially Mr. Calcraft's, and was obtained first from Alderman Beckford, and after his death from Alderman Sawbridge. Wilkes communicated with Junius through the medium of Mr. Woodfall. Such were the real but unconscious *dramatis personæ*, none of whom appear to have been in the secret at the outset of the Letters, and only some of them afterwards, when they had become celebrated. That they were competent auxiliaries, though unknowingly so, to all the requirements of the Junius undertaking, and that their available aid, it is likely, suggested to Francis his enterprise, will be evident from some brief indication in the Essay referred to, of their social and official relations.

Dr. Francis, the accomplished father of Sir Philip, and not very dissimilar from him, was the favorite chaplain of Lord Holland, living in intimate fellowship with him. They met at the house of Mrs. G. A. Bellamy, the noted courtesan, then in the keeping of Mr. John Calcraft, who had been the confidential clerk of his lordship in the busiest period of his career. Lord Holland, after retiring from the king's service, continued a favorite at court: he was, in fact, the confidential adviser of both the king and Lord Bute in the chief ministerial crises that rapidly ensued from 1763 to 1770. It was by his lordship's intervention the Grafton ministry was strengthened by the Bedford party, and it was this ducal union that subsequently rendered the Dukes of Grafton and Bedford

the bitter objects of the attacks of Junius, when his favorite patron, Lord Chatham, had recovered from his suspended animation, and had become eager to regain the premiership by the destruction of the coalition ministry. At this later period Calcraft, who had been deputy-commissary of musters, after enriching himself in the service of Lord Holland, but unable to reach the height of his ambition, had deserted his lordship for the opposite party, and become the confidential secretary of Lord Chatham. He was a member of the House of Commons, but, Junius says, gave silent votes. Though no speaker, he was extensively connected with, and well informed on, all state affairs. With him the younger Francis appears, from the "Chatham Correspondence," to have been in constant communication under the denomination of a "friend." That this "friend" was the younger Francis, the author of the Letters, and the Sir Philip Francis of a later period, there can be no doubt. Evidence of the most intimate and friendly ties between them may be readily adduced. Mr. Calcraft exerted himself to obtain for Francis the appointment of deputy secretary-at-war; failing in that, he on the same day Francis was dismissed from the War-office, added a codicil to his will, bequeathing him a handsome legacy, and an annuity for life to Mrs. Francis.* This fact, and the disclosures in the Chatham papers of the constant interchange of intelligence between Calcraft and Francis, led me to conclude that letters and papers which Francis had addressed to Lord Chatham's secretary might be in the possession of his descendants. Under this impression, I wrote to Mr. Calcraft, but almost immediately after I had done so, I learned from an unquestionable source that my application would be fruitless, as nearly half a century before Sir Philip Francis, aware that a mine existed in that quarter, had got back all his papers. No doubt Sir Philip destroyed them, as no scrap of them remains with his family; they shared in common, it is likely, the fate of the manuscript of Junius' Letters and the vellum-bound copy he received from Mr. Woodfall. It was in 1787 he got back his papers; he was then in hot

* Not the lawfully affianced, as I have been informed by a lady contemporary of the parties, but living with Francis on the same terms, probably, she had previously done with the deputy-commissary.

war against Warren Hastings, when any discovery that he was the redoubtable Junius would have been damaging to his influence, as several of his colleagues in the impeachment of the ex-governor-general were among those he had bitterly reviled under the shelter of his *nom de guerre*.

The Calcraft disclosure added an important link to the chain of testimony. In an article on Hastings, * Lord Macaulay enumerated five points, identifying in his position, pursuits, and connections Sir. P. Francis with Junius, and only two of which could be found in any other person. For myself, I reduced the roll of candidates immensely, by showing that Junius was certainly not a clergyman of any grade, nor a lawyer, nor a member of either House of Parliament. In addition, I cleared up the difficulties preceding investigators had left relative to the intellectual competence of Sir Francis to the task of Junius; his ready and various sources of intelligence; his evasive denial of the Letters; the different style of his later public writings, and the conditions of reticence which his compact with Lord North enforced both on himself and others in the secret of his authorship.

Junius will ever rank among the most able, best-sustained, and successful of literary impostures. By big words, classic style, loud professions of disinterestedness, and patrician demeanor, the public was misled for almost a century. The anxious vigilance the deception imposed on the author must have been immense, and for which his direct reward was *nil*. He wholly failed in his leading purpose; in lieu of a Chatham, a North became premier, and the people, weary, of changes without amendments, acquiesced in the substitution. Disgusted with the results, Junius withdrew from the arena to a new sphere of action, and, it may be added, of disappointment and baffled schemes.

His labors in the composition of the Letters and concealment of their authorship were enormous, without enabling him to carry off any brilliant trophy, or derive any comfort, not even that of self-satisfaction. Whatever contemporary pride he might have had in the Letters, he appears to have had none afterwards. Else why his stead-

fast and anxious disavowal of them? Except indirectly, in a kind of death-bed confession, never the slightest admission or indication escaped him of the authorship. Overtly and conclusively he never seems to have coveted any fame or merit pertaining to them. Indeed, he considered himself superior to them, Lord Brougham intimates; and, no doubt improving with the fashion of the age, he had become so in respect of the private details and calumnies in which Junius had freely indulged, to give piquancy to his writings. But more cogent reasons may be adduced for his abstinence in the later incidents and connections of his public life. The avowal of the authorship would have exiled him from society; for how could many of the distinguished persons with whom he subsequently became intimately connected have associated with the anonymous defamer of their dearest connections, both by blood and political ties? How, for instance, could the Dukes of Grafton or Bedford, who survived during the active portion of the life of Francis, and whom Junius had calumniated with unscrupulous bitterness, have consorted with him. Their numerous descendants must have cherished corresponding provocatives to alienation and resentment. In what way some of them felt towards Junius may be instanced in a distinguished living personage, better known for amiability than the violence of his antipathies. I allude to the comments of Lord John Russell in his Introductions to the "Bedford Correspondence." Junius, in the fashion of his age, sought to lessen the influence of public men by defaming their private character, a species of irrelevant hostility to which political disputants of the present day have become superior. After some reflections on this abuse of the liberty of the press, and the tendency of anonymous writing to exaggeration, Lord John Russell adverts in strong terms to Junius. "But it seems," says his lordship, "to have been the delight of this libeller to harrow the souls of those who were prominent in public life; and while he had not the courage to fight with the sword in the open daylight, he had too much malignity to refrain from the use of the dagger, covered by a mask, and protected by the obscurity of the night. Nor can any excuse be found for him in the warmth of his ardor for public liberty. His

* *Edinburgh Review*, October, 1841.

zeal on that subject was wonderfully tempered by discretion. He viewed favorably the taxation of America, but dreaded as excessive innovations 'the disfranchisement of Gaton and Sarum.'"

With such sentiments and antagonisms it would certainly not have been pleasant, if safe, for Sir Philip Francis, as Junius, to have encountered a scion of the house of Bedford, with full right to question him in the saloons of Holland House or the more free warren of a club-room. Discovery would have obviously and seriously endangered Sir Philip's peace, and weakened, if it had not destroyed, his political connection; and that at a time when he needed all the strength he could raise to fight his Indian battle against Warren Hastings.

As some set-off to the personalities of the Letters may be pleaded, as already remarked, contemporary usage, their literary excellence, elevated moral tone, free but moderate constitutional sentiments. As to the bubble of high station and authority with which Junius so cleverly misled the public, they were allowable from the necessities of his position. A cause may be good, its advocacy eloquent and able, but alone they only slowly win attention. The field of popular favor is already occupied, and new admissions, jealously scrutinized; neglect at first, and stingy favor next, are the common ordeal of new aspirants to distinction. It is the same for all. Deeds, not words, are the test of merit alike in all the principal walks of life—in literature and science, the professions, forum, and the senate-house. Rank, title, and wealth are sometimes privileged, but only from popular impression, as the representatives of past services, or assumed present desert. Francis at the outset had need of these testimonials. He had great gifts natural and acquired; had worthily filled inferior places, but had no name or high position. These he necessarily sought to meet

the popular prestige. His writings were a sufficient voucher of his abilities, but not of the political and personal revelations which established his authority in public opinion.

The reason the secret was so well kept has this simple solution: that all the parties privy to it were interested in keeping it. There needed no compact for the purpose, though I believe there was one. With what credit or comfort could Junius himself reveal it? Setting aside the deadly enmities he had fomented, and would have had to face in after life, he, a Whig, had accepted a "common bribe" from a Tory ministry by a lucrative nabobship. George III. knew who Junius was, but had taken the rebel into his service, and the king's lips were sealed like those of his minister, Lord North. With what honor could the "great Lord Chatham" divulge it? He and his brother-in-law, Lord Temple, had combined with an anonymous libeller to destroy a ministry they hoped to succeed. All traces of this undignified alliance were doubtless destroyed, as were those of the Chathamite liaisons in City intrigues with Aldermen Beckford and Sawbridge. Mr. Burke it is probable knew Junius, with whom he was in intimate intercourse after his return from India, but he had the same inducement as Francis himself to reticence, engaged as they were in concert in the impeachment of Hastings. Besides, how humiliated and how ridiculous Burke must have felt after his extravagant eulogium of the clever unknown. Alderman Wilkes had been similarly duped. He had swallowed Junius in all his disguises, and was so overcome in devotion as actually to raise an altar to the "unknown god of his idolatry." Could he, too, have been the abject worshipper of the painted devil, or could he hope to mention the name and position of the author of his delusion without being laughed at? As to Mr. John Calcraft, one of the most efficient stokers of the Junian furnace, he, with other aids, died too early for revelations.

* Bedford Correspondence, Introduction, vol. iii. p. 66.

THE PICKET GUARD.

"ALL quiet along the Potomac," they say,
 "Except now and then a stray picket
 Is shot as he walks on his beat to and fro,
 By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
 'Tis nothing—a private or two, now and then,
 Will not count in the news of the battle;
 Not an officer lost—only one of the men
 Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle."
 * * * * *

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
 Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
 Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn
 moon
 Or the light of the watch-fire, are gleaming.
 A tremulous sign, as the gentle night-wind
 Through the forest-leaves softly is creeping;
 While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
 Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's
 tread
 As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
 And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed,
 Far away in the cot on the mountain.
 His musket falls slack—his face, dark and
 grim,
 Grows gentle with memories tender,
 As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—
 For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as
 then,
 That night when the love yet unspoken
 Leaped up to his lips—when low-murmured
 vows
 Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
 Then drawing his sleeves roughly over his
 eyes,
 He dashes off tears that are welling,
 And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
 As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,
 The foot-step is lagging and weary;
 Yet onward he goes through the broad belt of
 light,
 Toward the shade of the forest so dreary,
 Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the
 leaves?
 Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
 It looked like a rifle—. "Ha! Mary, good-
 by!"
 And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
 No sound save the rush of the river;
 While soft falls the dew on the face of the
 dead—
 The picket's off duty forever!

—Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

E. B.

PACEM, PEAGRIM, PRECAMUR.

Oh dear, you inopportune Peagrims,
 It's enough to give any one meagrims,
 To think of the row you may get us in now,
 By your conduct, inopportune Peagrims!

The ship *Harvey Birch* on the sea grim
 You might board and might burn, Captain
 Peagrims,
 And we only should say, in a casual way,
 'Twas unlucky she met Captain Peagrims!

But when in Southampton you free, grim,
 The prisoners you've caught, Captain Pea-
 grim,
 We are placed in a fix, to pronounce if your
 tricks
 Are a hero's, or pirate's, O Peagrims!

If a pirate we hold, Captain Peagrims.
 The Confederate States they will be grim;
 And again, if we don't, the United States wont
 Be disposed to take our view of Peagrims.

Thus placed betwixt two fires by Peagrims,
Mr. Punch is afflicted with meagrims:
 He would fain be impartial in any court-mar-
 tial
 That's held on the status of Peagrims.

A lieutenant's commission holds Peagrims,
 But that wont on the wall stick the flea, grim.
 Though lieutenant he be, that's no warrant at
 sea
 Giving powers of capture to Peagrims.

Yet as pirate we can't give up Peagrims,
 At the yard-arm straight run up to be, grim:
 Which Adams, I fear, will declare 'tis quite
 clear,
 Is the right sort of treatment for Peagrims.

Yet to make *casus belli* of Peagrims—
 Loose the war-dogs, by land and by sea, grim;
 For a man with that name! On the annals of
 fame
 To inscribe, not Britannia, but Peagrims!

Then let's all pray for peace spite of Peagrims:
 May war-fears pass off like a meagrims;
 And by hook or by crook may we live to re-
 buke
 Those who feel apprehensions from Peagrims!
 —Punch.

TAKE HEED.

Among the pitfalls in our way
 The best of us walk blindly.
 So, man, be wary; watch and pray,
 And judge your brother kindly.

Part of an Article in The Examiner, 7, Dec.

THE AMERICAN APPROVAL OF THE TRENT OUTRAGE.

THE Americans accuse us of blowing hot and cold in the same breath, and for the nonce abandoning our own position of international law, and adopting and turning theirs against them. The charge applies incomparably more strongly to them, who are belligerents or not, waging war, or putting down rebels just as this particular question is concerned or not. But supposing us to take a partial view of our own case, as all people are prone to do, how do they account for the concurrence of France in the opinion expressed in this country? There is hardly a journal of any note and influence on the other side of the Channel that has not condemned the outrage against our flag (justly characterized by the *Revue Contemporaine* as an insolent and brutal provocation), and approved the spirit and at the same time the moderation with which it has been resented in this country. It is known, too, that the diplomatic corps in America have indicated their dissatisfaction, and we think we may safely and fairly assume that the judgment of the whole civilized world will be given against the American conduct in the affair of the *Trent*, and the preposterous justification attempted for it.

Most satisfactory to us, however, is the opinion of our nearest neighbor, both for its intrinsic worth, and as striking disproof of the prejudice and ill-will which have been supposed to prevail in France against us. Here certainly was an opportunity for the vent of such feelings if they had existence, instead of which there has been the promptest, most generous, and able assertion of the rights in the maintenance of which we are concerned. It may be thought that the pride of the French publicists keeps their judgment clear of prejudice on a question of international law, and there is little disparagement in that construction; but there is no reluctance in the judgment, nothing grudged in it, and it bears all the marks of substantial justice rendered with right goodwill.

What will be the event? is now the question, and the general response is not cheering. We have to do with a desperate mobbed Government, and its course is too probably marshalled for it by the press, which regards Commander Wilkes' outrage as a brilliant service, unauthorized indeed, but meriting sanction and reward. Our only hope of peace rests on the effect likely to be produced by the opinion of France, for the expectation has doubtless been that if we should be dragged into a war with America,

we should have to fight it with one hand, the other being wanted for defence against the menacing attitude or actual hostility of France. This encouraging calculation will be falsified by the general condemnation of the French press of the *Trent* outrage, and as general approval of the conduct of England on the occasion.

And supposing the Federal Government to refuse negotiation and war to ensue, it is difficult to see how France could remain merely neutral, for as neutral a claim of right would be made against her merchant shipping by the Federal Government to which she could not submit. If reparation is refused to us, it will necessarily be on the ground that the seizure of persons or goods alleged to be contraband of war without process of law and adjudication, is justifiable and fair practice, and this pretension France, as it may affect her practically, must be as much concerned to resist as we are because it has actually so outraged us. Indeed, of all nations France is the last to suffer an Algiers to be set up in America. She cannot tamely submit to the Federal Government's claim of exemption from international law. She cannot allow her merchant navy to be exposed to a Wilkes' Law for the sea close akin to the Lynch Law of the same nation ashore, but worse if as sanctioned by a Government pretending to high civilization.

Whatever may be the termination of the present question, we feel confident that our Government has taken its measures for the vindication of the honor and rights of the country in a manner as conciliatory as possible, and showing the American Government the grace with which the *amende honorable* may be made. England wants no quarrel, she knows too well what war is, and hates it only less than dishonor; but if war is forced on her, for war she is so well prepared that the calamity will probably be short, though sharp to the aggressor.

Certain we are that there will be no quarrel unless the American Government wilfully chooses one, preferring war to justice, but on this point Mr. Bright's very pertinent question is very far from assuring:—

"But did you ever know anybody, who was not very near dead drunk, who, having as much upon his hands as he could manage, would offer to fight everybody about him?"

We hope Mr. Seward will not take offence, and cry "that was levelled at me;" but figuratively there is an intoxication to be feared in the Lincoln Cabinet, and some touch of the mania that follows habits of excess.

In the event of the worst, we trust that our Government will make no alteration in

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its policy as to the South, and that there will be no recognition until there is established the independence to warrant it. That independence we may of necessity hasten by sweeping the Federal squadrons from the seas they are blockading; but this relief to the South should be an incident of the war, not an object, and recognition whenever circumstances are ripe for it should be *de facto*, and not precipitated from favor to the one side, or hostility to the other. Any eagerness to have the Slave States for allies in the war would not be for the honor of England. The alliance may come in the course of events, but it should not be sought before its due time.

From The Examiner, 7 Dec.

INTERNATIONAL QUESTION AND ANSWER.

OUR Government has put the question to that of the United States which the injured honor of our flag required; and we await the answer. Some sanguine folk imagine that we shall get it forthwith, and in monosyllabic form,—Ay or No, by Christmas-day. We cannot share any such anticipation. It is true that President Davis in his message to the Confederate Congress loses no time in saying determinately of the capture of Messrs. Slidell and Mason, that "the claims of the United States to seize them in the streets of London would have been as well founded as the seizure on board the *Trent*." It is true also that such leading lawyers of the North as Edward Everett and George Sumner have lost no time in declaring as promptly that the same capture is in accordance with international law. But to say as much bluntly in reply to England is not in equal accordance with international diplomacy. Diplomacy in its best estate is altogether dilatory. The Aulic Chancellerie kept Lord Clarendon dangling for—we forget how many—months, before it would answer plainly that it could not make up its mind to say anything about the Russian war. It took nearly as long to bring the Cabinet of St. Petersburg to a point, while all Europe stood booted and spurred, ready to run the death-race of 1854.

More than a year has been spent in trying to extract from the French Emperor some intelligible intimation of even his probable intentions regarding the occupation of Rome,—a question wherein the peace and welfare of twenty millions of people are confessedly involved, and about which half Christendom is filled with solicitude. Why, then, should we expect more of Lord Lyons, than older

and better hands were able to accomplish? It is all very well to talk in clubs or over dinner-tables about "requiring a categorical answer;" but Mr. Seward having shown that he could write a clever despatch off-hand in answer to an unreasonable demand from us, may not be suffered this time to commit himself, his Government, and his country without mature deliberation, now that our demand is reasonable and irrefutable. And highly desirable it is that in so grave a matter no step should be taken with precipitation or passion. We have shown that we are in no mood to be trifled with; and we can therefore afford to keep patience and temper, while our neighbors are making up their minds whether they will abet an attempt to revive the obsolete practice of bad times, or whether they will, in the spirit of a wiser and more civilized policy, repudiate the reckless act of one desperate man. If we asked President Lincoln to do or say anything more than what Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Adams, and Mr. Madison repeatedly urged upon England as the rule of maritime justice and right, he might be excused for hotly and hastily saying, "No." But that which we seek to have disavowed and repaired by him, is only what his most eminent predecessors complained of incessantly when done by the commanders of British cruisers on the high seas. Practically, the obnoxious pretension on our part to take persons by force out of American merchantmen has been allowed to fall into abeyance during the lifetime of the present generation. If Captain Wilkes and his irresponsible supporters imagine that we shall submit to the arbitrary resuscitation of this semi-barbarous practice, they will in a few days be undeceived, for our Government has instructed Lord Lyons to demand reparation for so wanton a breach of friendly relations; and he has no doubt been instructed fully as to the course he ought to pursue, should the American Government show a desire to make the affair of the *Trent* a pretext for quarrelling. If that be their purpose, it were beneath our dignity to waste words in deprecation; and in that case a reply may be given at once, and we shall know the extent to which folly and frenzy may carry men, otherwise sane, by the end of the year.

But we doubt the likelihood of such a reply, and therefore we do not expect or desire to receive one by return of post. In point of fact, it is not in the power of the President or his Cabinet, constitutionally speaking, to take sudden action in a matter so grave, while Congress is sitting. By the terms of the Federal Act, a consultative and co-operative junction in all foreign affairs of moment is devolved on the Legislature; and

the Senate, as the more experienced and judicially minded of the two Chambers, has generally exercised the chief direction and control in diplomatic concerns.

What, then, is the answer we may expect to our question regarding the *Trent*? Substantially it will be dictated by men of the same mind as General Scott, whose excellent letter of the 2nd inst. will be found in another column. Mr. Charles Sumner happens just now to be Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs; and upon that committee are several men who, though they differ from him in his abolitionist views, agree with him in desire to maintain friendship with England. War with England in 1862 means one or other of two things,—either the humiliation of the Republic by the armed triumph of the Southern States; or their devastation and ruin by the revolt of the slaves, and the *jacquerie* that must follow. No wise or upright American statesman can recommend a course of policy which would entail either contingency. The present struggle, whatever its issue, is certain to leave the Union burdened with liabilities quite hard enough to bear for some time to come. But the financial and social consequences of slave emancipation by fire and sword would be disastrous to an extent and in a degree fearful to contemplate. Nothing half so repugnant to all principles of policy, and to all notions of humanity, has occurred in modern times as the uprising in wild vengeance of four millions of undisciplined, uneducated, and unarmed helots against their masters. Incendiarism and murder would be the only weapons of such a revolt—womanhood, childhood, infirmity, and age its personal victims—property of every kind its indiscriminate sacrifice. The cotton shrub, the tobacco plant, the rice crop, and the coffee tree, in whose cultivation, past years of bondage had been spent, would be instinctively regarded as the objects of negro vengeance, while the enormous amount of capital invested in plantations of every kind, would inevitably perish in the first month of insurrection. And what would be the fate of the miserable people who had been stimulated by their Northern sympathizers thus to break their chains? In self-defence and frantic hate, embittered, not softened, by the consciousness of having inflicted unnumbered wrongs, the dominant caste would be certain to take more than life for life in the hellish conflict. It might not, perhaps it could not, last very long; but when it was over, half a continent would lie desolate; villages and towns would present but a heap of smouldering ashes; and the remnant of the Southerners, whether

nominaly reduced to submission, or enabled nominaly to call themselves independent by the withering aid of European powers, would constitute a source of danger and perplexity to the Federal Commonwealth for long years to come. The statesmen of the American Senate understand these things well; and even those amongst them who are most jealous of England, cannot be blind to the fact, that if ever there was a time to measure swords with us creditably or advantageously, this is *not* the time.

The suspicion of instructions having been given to the commander of the *San Jacinto* may be met by reference to the dates of his arrival from the African coast; and the offensive manner of his act may be disposed of in a dozen civil words. Something will probably be said about the disregard by Captain Moyer of the Queen's proclamation against carrying despatches from either of the belligerents; and proof will perhaps be offered—it may be easily enough maintained—that the Confederate agents took pains to let Captain Wilkes know, while he and they were lying in the route of the Havannah, that they were the bearers of such missives from the Confederate Government, and that they were about to proceed to Europe on board the *Trent*. . . . It may refer to the long course of forcible seizures made by English ships in time of war, of persons claimed by us as owing allegiance to the British crown. It may set forth the reiterated expostulations of successive American Governments against such acts of high-handed violence; and it may point to the uncompleted Convention negotiated, in 1803, for the suppression of this indefensible practice, wherein the principle so long contended for on our side was surrendered, and which was only broken off at the last moment by a recalcitrant notion on the part of George III. that the Narrow Seas should be specially exempted. American diplomacy may dwell on the history of the rupture of 1812, and comment on the fact that peace was signed at Ghent without any renunciation of the British claim to make forcible captures. It may reiterate every line of Mr. Webster's able despatch of the 8th of August, 1842, in which he sums up the grievances of his country on this head, and announces the determination of his government never to be content until the question should be set at rest. And, finally, it may recall the propositions made by Mr. Marey and General Cass to the governments of Europe, when all the world was at peace, for a reconsideration and reconstruction of the Maritime Code respecting neutrals, which, as we have lately had occasion to remark, would have con-

ferred inestimable blessings on the mercantile and shipping interests of Great Britain. To say that our Government will listen to none of these topics of reclamation, or that it will disregard, without confuting, any reasonable arguments or suggestions that may be founded on them, would be to impute to it a levity and recklessness which none of the eminent men composing it would willingly confess. We conclude as we began, by expressing our conviction that the answer to our question will not be lightly given, and by repeating our earnest desire that neither it nor our rejoinder, whatever that may be, should be other than dispassionate and noble.

From The Spectator, 7 Dec.

WAR OR PEACE.

THE chances of peace, though they still exist, cannot be said to improve. So many and so various are the influences which directly affect the settlement of this American quarrel, so manifold seem the conditions essential to sound opinion, that society is slightly bewildered, and half inclined to believe in that modern version of Providence, the "something" which is to "turn up," and to keep the world in its groove. It is not an unnatural impression, but the more grave and careful the survey, the fainter, we fear, will it become. Though the sense of insult diminishes as the time of the outrage recedes, and the national temper has become more cheerful, it is not on the tone of the British public that the alternatives of peace and war can now be said to depend. Numerous and conflicting as the elements of decision appear to be, they may be really reduced to two: the temper in which Earl Russell's despatch finds the American people, and the nature of the demand in the despatch itself.

The latest accounts from New York would appear at first sight to afford some faint grounds of hope. There is a hesitation apparent in all the journals, a doubt of the English mode of receiving the news, which augurs favorably for the chances of conciliation. There is the usual amount of lunatic writing with which the friends of America have long since learned to put up, as they put up with a friend addicted to whistling or humming bars in bad tune. Bag is an instinct, as well as a policy, with all uneducated men, and a cabman is to be treated fairly, though he begins a dispute by personal criticism, and considers that blasphemy strengthens his defence of his rights. Of course the half-taught compositors who own most of the city journals recommend Captain Wilkes'

promotion, talk nonsense about the "opinion of honest men" being the best guide to the law, and tell their readers at once that England will not complain, and that her complaints will be wholly bravado. If we are to go to war with the North because her journals are vulgar, we shall never need lawyers to discuss the causes of quarrel, and never be at a loss for a wholly unanswerable case. But under all this parade of bad taste, there is this time a very obvious dread, a disposition to condemn Captain Wilkes for recklessness, even while he is exalted for pluck. The worst papers admit that the Cabinet may have to make an apology. Even the *New York Herald*, which obviously wishes for war, advises that Captain Wilkes should not be made an admiral till he is first dismissed. The organ of the commercial classes, as strong at Washington as the country gentlemen are at Westminster, unequivocally condemns the act; and the papers which strongly approve, do so, because they believe England will pass over the outrage. The people in America are always more moderate than their journals, and could this temper last, the Government would be left free to do us substantial justice. The politicians, too, do not, as we half feared they would, assert any right to Messrs. Mason and Slidell, simply as rebels, or denounce the right of asylum when invoked against Americans instead of in their behalf. They do, certainly, talk odd nonsense about the two Southerners being "ambassadors," an argument which, were it true, would bring France into the war as earnestly and hotly as England. But though they do deny the right of asylum to Nicaragua, and in so doing betray the ultimate tendency of their own minds, they have not as yet, with England, ventured to raise the one point on which discussion is not permissible. The case is argued throughout as one of contraband of war, and, although the Americans quote only the precedents they approve, and seem not to understand the difference between their rights on their own soil and their rights on a British ship, still, the man who appeals to the law, even when he misunderstands it, is not supposed to be anxious to send an immediate challenge. Moreover, it seems almost certain that the act of the *San Jacinto* was not ordered direct from home. Captain Wilkes may have had general instructions to search every vessel for despatches, but there appears no proof that the seizure of men was contemplated, far less distinctly ordered. If this is the case, the Government is, at all events, not bound to support its agent in the specific act, however much it may deem itself right in exempting him from all penalties. A solution other

than war would appear, therefore, when the last mail left New York, to be at least one of the possibilities.

Unfortunately, there is no chance of permanence in this approximation to reason. Had the evil genius of America arranged the sequence of events in the single hope of a war, it could not have been more unlucky. On the 2nd instant, just as excitement began to cool, the Americans would receive the news of the burning of the *Harvey Birch*, and the shelter afforded to the *Nashville* in the port of Southampton,—news which, unless civil war has developed a new self-restraint, will be received with a scream of rage. The British Government, in allowing the *Nashville* to remain unmolested, was of course blameless, for it is bound to act by the advice of its own law officers, and they held that prisoners not being prize, the *Nashville* had not infringed the Queen's proclamation. But we can scarcely expect Americans—filled as they are with a notion of the absolute power of the British Government—to perceive such a fetter as that, or to understand why a Foreign Secretary cannot compel local magistrates to grant a search-warrant, which they have pronounced illegal. They will argue, and not illogically, that the right of burning their ships is as hurtful to them as the right of seizing them; that the *Nashville* was never searched to see if she had prize on board or not, and probably that she was never asked to produce her papers. The last argument will be a blunder, every belligerent having, by international law, a right without papers to attack the national enemy; the letter of marque being his justification, not for that, but for putting his prize up to sale; but the mistake is one which half England is always making, and into which Americans are certain to fall. Then, as if to make extrication hopeless, before the despatch on the *San Jacinto* affair can reach him, but after he has heard of the burning of the *Harvey Birch*, the President must send in his annual message to Congress. He must allude to the *Harvey Birch*; and it would tax the self-restraint of a man born to the etiquettes of a throne not to make such an allusion as will touch the North to the quick, and arouse a fever of national pride. He may even commit himself personally too deeply to recede; and, at all events, he will indefinitely increase the difficulty of the task which Mr. Webster called almost impossible—that of conducting negotiations in the presence of twenty millions.

The despatch on the *San Jacinto* will therefore be read to a people already furious with anger against Great Britain, and the demand it contains is, we fear, not one which will allow time for sober reflection.

The secrets of the Foreign Office are well kept, but unless the public are greatly deceived, the restoration of Messrs. Slidell and Mason has been made the condition, not of continued peace, but of continued negotiation. The American Government, whether convinced of right or insolent in wrong, must yield at once, and without discussion, to the power whom it is almost certain they will, six days before, have defied with all the national grandiloquence. Is it reasonable to expect such a humiliation from a people, penetrated with the feeling of national pride, as vindictive as the race they have supplanted, and whatever the ruin entailed by the war, sure at least of their independence? We do not know that in itself the surrender of Messrs. Mason and Slidell would seem so very obnoxious. The mob yells over their capture, of course, and hates them individually, just as the English soldiery in India hated the half-dozen leading mutineers it was their fortune to seize. But statesmen, even in America, must be beyond all this, and a convenient contempt for the prisoners would delight the mass almost as much as their execution. But their cession as an act of obedience to an external power, without discussion or delay, is an act which only a very self-restrained or an intensely law-fearing nation could do, which the British people alone, perhaps, among nations could be trusted to stand and see. There is, it is true, a form of pride which has once or twice been seen in history, which calmly suppresses all pride rather than yield its end, but it has been confined hitherto to the Roman patricians and Papal ecclesiastics. We do not give the American people credit for any such quality, and without it there remains, we fear, but one poor hope of peace.

It is just barely possible that the American Government, aware of the terrible consequences of war, and dreading the dismemberment of the country even more than a popular outcry, may discover in their extremity some device which, in spite of despatches, may yet compel us to consider what is due to the right, as well as what is essential to our own honor. If, unmoved by the menace of immediate war, and unaffected by fear of their own people, they offer as their ultimatum to abide by a decision of the British Court of Admiralty, England, would be compelled to pause. War, to avoid a decision of our own courts, of whose rigid impartiality Englishmen at least have no kind of doubt, would shock the moral sense of the people, and send us into the conflict uncertain of the justice of our cause. We could not submit to a neutral court, or even to neutral arbitration, for the

dispute involves morally, though not, we frankly admit, legally, that right of asylum, on which we can listen to the award of no Areopagus on earth. If we allow such a precedent, the next passenger we defend may be Kossuth, with Russia to decide whether he is a political fugitive or an envoy from Hungary, and the right of asylum would be reduced to nothing. But we could listen to our own court, or perhaps to the one court of the United States which is beyond the menaces of the mob and the pressure of official remonstrance. In some such suggestion, bold enough to excite the instinctive English respect for an appeal to law, lies, we fear, the solitary chance of a continued peace. But if the Americans make it, their genius and their organization are of a different temper from anything which Europe has been yet allowed to perceive.

From The Spectator, 7 Dec.

THE MANCHESTER SCHOOL ON THE AMERICAN QUESTION.

MR. BRIGHT has made another of those magnificent orations which puzzle England whether to wonder most at the discriminating force of his language, or at the undiscriminating turbidness of his thought. Much as there is in this speech which we heartily recognize as expressing principles with which all true Englishmen ought to sympathize, we believe that like most of Mr. Bright's other efforts it will injure rather than serve the cause he has at heart. The truth is, that while there is a deep hatred of despotism at the bottom of his heart, there is no spark of that reverence for law which is the only safeguard against despotism; and hence his really masterly defence of the Northern cause as against the South is totally unrelieved by any of that true insight into the shortcomings of its boastful and licentious democracy, without which Englishmen feel that the American question can never be impartially judged. In short, Mr. Bright speaks—we do not mean in language, which would be unjust, indeed, to his noble and vigorous Saxon eloquence, but in thought—like a Yankee defending Yankees, rather than like an Englishman choosing between two rivals—neither of them commanding our full sympathy—the one who is fighting in the nobler cause. And feeling as he does in this respect, we do not expect or hope that he will make many converts. Earnestly as we sympathize with all that he says on the great slavery issue between North and South, we cannot view his speech, as a whole, as showing any true sympathy with the only endur-

ing liberty—liberty that loves and respects law. He takes pains, indeed, even in his preliminary review of the last ten years, to mark the confusion which pervades his thought between liberty and license. He reiterates his conviction that the Russian war was a blunder of which the English nation are now heartily ashamed. The victory gained in that war was simply a victory of law over lawless aggression, and, therefore, he despises it. England and France refused to let Russia plead the right of mere might for her invasion of Turkey, and Europe learned a lesson without which European civilization would speedily retrograde. Because the gain was only one of invisible law,—not a material acquisition,—because the sacrifice by which it was obtained was material as well as mighty, Mr. Bright holds up the whole struggle to derision, and falls back on even a less manly authority than his own—Sir James Graham's—for support. Again, in his reference to the Indian mutiny, he shows the same indiscriminating mind. That contest was not one between oppression and liberty, but between law and license, and yet his sympathy seems to have been with the native soldiers, who, except in the North-West, could find no trace of popular feeling in their support.

With such a bias it is not strange that his discussion of the American question is little likely to win new friends to the North. He feels no repugnance—nay, he seems to feel sincere admiration—for that vile tyranny of ignorant popular opinion which has so long driven and still drives the statesmen of the Union into a foreign policy that is simply licentious, and that necessarily forces English opinion into hostile attitudes. It is quite true—and had he insisted more strongly on that point we should have gone with him entirely—that hitherto it has been Southern politicians chiefly who have flattered and pampered the licentious democracy of the Union. But if we admit this, we are bound to admit also that Northern politicians are tainted, if less deeply, with the same inherent vice; that they, too, speak as if the mere appetite of a hungry mob for dominion could never be too much pampered; that they too rant about the Monroe principle, threaten Canada and the Isthmus, and do their best to give the impression that so great a people as the Americans may guiltlessly trample all law beneath their feet.

Let us not be mistaken: we hold, as we have always done, that the Northern cause in this war with the secessionists is sound to the core; we hold, as we have always done, that English sympathy should be given heartily to that policy which holds out "hope to the bondsmen of the South;" but we also

hold, as we have always done, that the Northern statesmen can only prove themselves worthy of the great task of vindicating the violated law of the Union by themselves respecting public law wherever they find it, and holding in the ungovernable license of a people who seem to claim all the moral exemptions of Omnipotence while exercising none of its powers.

When, therefore, Mr. Bright comes to discuss the question now at issue between America and England, we find it already prejudged in his mind. He argues for forbearance, not only as if the North had a great and noble cause on its hands—which we admit and maintain—but as if it had never evinced any sign of that licentious and insolent spirit which might render forbearance on our part equivalent to weakness. The truth is, that England is really unwilling to enter upon this war. If the Government launches us into it with needless haste, and peremptorily rejects any sincerely peaceful and apologetic overtures from the American Government, couched in such a spirit as General Scott's letter, without considering them, there will be a very large party in the English nation to deplore and condemn its policy. But no one can deny that there is danger—we fear far greater danger—of a different result; of an arrogant and irritating reply from the United States, in accordance with the indecent display of popular exultation at the violation of the English flag which we have already seen there. And if this should be the case, we do not see that we have any choice in the matter. A war for a great principle may be, and often is, a war for a slight material gain. Not the less are we bound to vindicate that principle, even in the face of the terrible consequences to the anti-slavery cause. The war will then not be of our seeking. It will be as much forced upon us in the direct discharge of national duty, as the war with the South has been forced on the Northern States. There is no liberty—in spite of Mr. Bright's worship of democratic will—without law. And those who would crush the unscrupulous absolutism of the Southern slave-owners must learn that they can only do so by first curbing the almost equally unscrupulous aggressiveness of an inflated national self-esteem. Had we been the aggressor and America the sufferer, the voice of the North would have cried out for instant war. We hope our statesmen may prove themselves as inclined to meet any honest profession of willingness to abide by the strict law as the English nation itself, which has never shown more moderation. But if no such disposition is evinced, we have no choice. Nor will Mr. Bright's eloquence prove to us that any consideration

ought to restrain us from vindicating a right which has so long made England the home of exiles, even though the exiles now in question can expect neither sympathy nor pity at our hands.

From The Spectator, 7 Dec.

THE ATTITUDE OF FRANCE ON THE SAN JACINTO AFFAIR.

If the French press were free, its tone on the *San Jacinto* affair might be accepted as eminently satisfactory, for its arguments, compliments, and invectives, all lead to the same conclusion: the public law of Europe must be maintained, whatever the exigencies under cover of which a new state may endeavor to set it aside. Indeed, the French journalists, in their anxiety lest we should permit our honor to suffer, are actually just to England, and allow, with a natural sigh of regret, that magnanimous self-restraint is compatible with a free and vigorous national life. Unfortunately, every journal in France is either "official," or "demi-official," or "officious," or "inspired," or "quasi-inspired," or deserves some other one of the hundred epithets by which Frenchmen strive to conceal from themselves that in France free thought is an imperial prerogative. Englishmen are therefore compelled to ask what this sudden amity may mean. Louis Napoleon is not a man to be moved by the spectacle of popular self-restraint, nor is he in any marked degree a fanatic for international law, yet with a great loan still to raise, and a great deficit yet to fill up, he seems to be eager for a war, which, for a time, at least, will shake every Bourse in Europe. Sovereigns think of their own states first, and for the hour the first need of France would seem to be a high price for Rentes. Yet the Emperor obviously urges war, and the "inspired" papers shrewdly enough call on England to resist an outrage which France would ere this have avenged.

We believe that a war between England and the North would delight the Emperor for the same reason that it would please some of the cotton-spinners—it would make cotton cheap. The failure of the cotton supply presses on France even more heavily than on England, so heavily, indeed, that the French Embassy has been suspected at Washington of an actual wish to produce a war, or such a suspension of intercourse as should excuse them in breaking the blockade. The discontent of the workmen affects the Cabinet even more than the deficit, for the latter only menaces France, while the former threatens the throne. At the same time the Emperor, unwilling to engage in maritime war, until secure of British sup-

port, is only too glad to see us engage in a correspondence which may solve his difficulty and set cotton free, yet throw on him none of the odium of breaking the general peace. There may be a side glance, too, at the diminished part which England, hampered by war in the West, must play in the politics of Europe, a thought that, the financial difficulty once removed, the spring might be the hour for the Rhine. Nor do we deny that the wrath of France against America is in part a genuine feeling. France unless misled by her own interests, seldom approves of high-handed breaches of law, and is by no means inclined to violate those rules which conduce to the self-respect of neutrals. But beneath and beyond all these motives there exists a delighted conviction that England must take on herself the responsibility which the Emperor knows neither how to accept or avoid.

We believe, therefore, all the assurances reiterated by the French press, so far as they indicate that the Emperor approves our action. If Louis Napoleon be, as he professes, the armed protector of civilization, the cause is one which, as it stands, may well enlist him on our side. If, on the other hand, he is simply a despot, a little abler than most of his class, he has selfish reasons enough to engage his strongest support. But while willing to recognize any amount of approval, and grateful for any cessation of groundless attacks, we deprecate attempts to carry good feeling further than the expressions of friendly concern. We protest *in limine* against any attempt to devise a plan of joint action against America. England cannot, with any due regard to her interests, consent to a joint interpretation of her right to the freedom of the seas. Still less can she suffer France to decide on the limit or mode of the reparation to be exacted from the United States. There are questions on which joint action is possible, and some few, as for example the Mexican one, on which it is beneficial. But no American quarrel can ever be reckoned among them. The American traditions of the two powers are too widely distinct to admit of coherent action. The French still believe, with a pardonable national pride, that the people who over half Canada still retain their language, long for the country they have lost for a century, and contrast freedom and Cæsarism to the praise of the modern Cæsar. Canada may yet be invaded, and the efforts England would make to defend her dependency would not be those most highly appreciated in France. Then—though if the war once begins, England may break the blockade—she has no genuine sympathy with slaveholders, no tolera-

tion for the extension of slavery, no wish to see President Davis ruling from the White House. France—though we believe her *sentiment* is strong against slavery—makes every principle bow to the passion for military success. Then England has frontiers to guard on the American continent, and France, when tired of the war, would scarcely fight on in order that British boundaries might not be exposed to a menace. It might be difficult, too, in joint operations, absolutely to forbid the landing of French brigades within our colonial borders; and the French army is not precisely the body which Lord Monck desires or expects in Lower Canada. Above all, our commercial interests are not identical, and it is when the terms of peace come to be settled that alliances are so onerous. The North is certain in such a contingency to look to France as the mediator, and the Emperor—as the Crimean war showed—can placably play that part. “Codlin’s your friend, not Short,” said the showman to Little Nell, and we know no speech in fiction more irresistibly moving to laughter. But the part, when played by an emperor to a State just thinking of making peace, would cease, we fear, to be comic. We are strong enough to do our own work, and bear our own burden; and we must, in this instance, do and endure alone. To unite with France is to weaken our right to make war in our own way, to destroy our right to make peace at our own time, and to place our interests at the mercy of an ally who looks to ends other than the tranquil and regulated friendliness, which is the only relation to America this country desires to bear. We cannot protest, or even complain, at any action of France on her own behalf. If she breaks the blockade, or follows our steps in breaking it, or makes alliances with the South, or presses her own complaints, it is no part of our duty to interfere; but any alliance to help us to maintain our rights might be as injurious to our interests as it would certainly be derogatory to our honor.

From The Economist, 7 Dec.

WILL THERE BE AN AMERICAN WAR?

LEAVING to others the discussion as to the precise limits of belligerent rights, the degree to which they have been overstepped by the Federal commander in this instance, and the instances, real or supposed, in which our own proceedings in former days may have afforded precedents somewhat embarrassing to our demand for reparation,—we will address a few words to the practical question which more immediately interests us all.

If the conduct of the Federal Government since the commencement of their unhappy civil disputes had been in the main friendly towards this country; if they had manifested any wish to be fair or courteous; if their departures from courtesy and friendly behavior had been such as could reasonably have been attributed to excessive irritation arising out of their home perplexities and griefs, and such as might have been excused in consideration of these circumstances; if they had ever manifested the faintest desire to mitigate to us as far as they could, the inevitable inconveniences and sufferings which their belligerence and our neutrality combined to inflict upon us; if, in a word, their habitual language and proceedings had been at all indicative of, or compatible with, a desire to remain in amity with us,—then it would have been easy for them to have made such an acknowledgment in reference to the seizure of the commissioners as we could have accepted, and we should on our part have been too happy to make such acknowledgment as little onerous to their pride and as little damaging to their popularity with their vain and irritable countrymen as possible. But the very contrary of all these “ifs” is unfortunately true. From the beginning of their difficulties they have been as cantankerous and uncivil as they could; they have stretched every inconvenient and vexatious right of belligerents to the utmost; what they have done they have done in an unusually offensive manner; rightly or wrongly, from temper or from design, they have given the impression that they were not only willing but rather anxious to insult us;—and to crown the whole it is believed by many well-informed persons that the act of Captain Wilkes was the result of a deliberate and well-considered design; and that it was only a matter of accident that the outrage was not perpetrated a fortnight earlier and in our own waters. Believing and considering all this, we cannot for a moment expect either that the authorities at Washington intend to apologize for the act of their officer, or to make restitution of their captives. Nor do we entertain much doubt that, even were we—if such a thing were possible—to pass over this outrage or to be content with an inadequate and informal reparation, we should soon have to submit to some further insult even more flagrant and intolerable. We greatly fear, from all that we can learn of the temper of the Cabinet at Washington,—or at least of those members of it who have hitherto determined its policy,—as well as from that of the trading and agitating politicians who guide or drive it,—that the Government of the United States are quite capable, if we yield or temporize now, of

boarding and searching for rebels, envoys, and despatches, every mail packet that plies between Dover and Calais, and between Holyhead and Dublin.

Again: we do not believe that, even if the United States Government were inclined to apologize and restore, they would dare to do it. The temper of the people and the press, as is clear by our last accounts, would make such a course instantaneously fatal to the official career of the ministers who should propose it. Even if the case of wrong were so perfectly clear that even Americans could not gainsay it, we doubt whether any American Government would venture, or would be able, to make an acknowledgment of error and to deliver up the captives. But, unfortunately, the case is not so clear as this:—*we* are right, no doubt; but the Americans, as we see by their papers and speeches, have no doubt also that *they* are right. They are already crowing over the assumption that we must pocket the affront because we have no legal ground of complaint. The matter—obvious as we hold the justice of the transaction to be—at least admits of discussion;—and if our antagonists would scarcely yield to us if they had *no case*, is it likely they will concede an inch when they have persuaded themselves they have a *very good case*?

Beyond all question it is something very like insanity for the Federalists to bring upon themselves a war with England, when they have enough and more than enough on their hands already. *But they do not think so.* They—that is the voting, electioneering, spouting, rowdying public—do not think either that their hands are full, or that a war with England is a thing to be dreaded or deprecated. The depth of their ignorance is unfathomable. The height of their frenzy is inconceivable. Their talk is not mere conscious bombast and rhodomontade. They actually *believe* that they can easily conquer the South, and lick Great Britain into the bargain. They are already growing wild with the prospect of crowning their victories by adding Canada to Texas. Of course Mr. Seward knows better than this, and so do Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Chase. So does Mr. Adams over here. So do the hundreds of well-informed and travelled gentlemen in Boston. So do the trembling and victimized merchants of New York. But what of that? These are not the men—these are not the classes—who habitually decide the policy of the United States, who elect the Congress, and enthrone the President. Only in the rarest crises are their voices heard; and even then they are too commonly drowned in the fierce and tumultuous roar of a passionate, misled, and un-

governable populace,—accustomed to make their own law, to avenge their own wrongs, to trample on all obstacles, moral, legal, and material,—sincerely fancying—for they have been always taught so—that nobody *ought* to oppose them, and that nobody *can* resist them.

There appears to be three chances—feeble ones unquestionably—that the dire extremity of war may yet be escaped. *First.* The merchants and bankers of the North, who have entered into such heavy engagements to supply the Government with money, may get thoroughly frightened at the utter ruin which a rupture with England would entail upon them; may make the best use of the secret power they are said to have over the Cabinet; and,—calling to their aid the moderation, good sense, and sound knowledge which undoubtedly pervade the educated classes of the Union, but are usually so silent and inoperative,—may rise in their inherent strength, brave and curb the violent mob and the corrupt jobbers and contractors, eject Mr. Seward from the Ministry, and compel the Government to yield. Such an issue is unquestionably possible, and much to be desired. There can be no doubt of the existence of the party we speak of, nor of its wealth and numbers; we only mistrust its courage and its power.

Secondly. Those enthusiastic patriots who are bent, heart and soul, upon the subjugation and re-annexation of the South, and those untaught fanatics who sincerely believe in their power of achieving these results, may perhaps be awakened—it is at least in the power of their leaders to awaken them—to the conviction that a war with England would be at once and irretrievably fatal to their hopes. The first step of England as soon as hostilities broke out, would naturally be to recognize the Southern Confederacy, and the second, to terminate the blockade. These things once effected, the independence of the Seceding States becomes a *fait accompli*, which nothing could undo. Now we know that the restoration of the Union is with the majority of the Northerners the dearest object of their heart—dearer even than insult and injury to England. They still prefer the recovery of their own grandeur to the humiliation of their rival; and they may be willing to apologize to us now, reserving vengeance and compensation for a future day, rather than give up at once the sacred purpose of the civil war. There is no doubt of the existence of this party, nor of their numbers, nor of their earnestness:—the only question is as to their rationality and their political influence. Thus much seems certain: if the Government refuse our demand, it will be a

sure sign that they at least have abandoned all hope of a successful issue of the civil war. If they offer us reparation, it is because they still cling to and hope for the restoration of the Union.

Thirdly. They may, however, pursue a middle course, and this, we apprehend, is the one they will adopt. How *we* shall receive it, it will be for us to determine. They may see that they cannot fight Great Britain and the Southern Confederacy at once, and so may endeavor to put us off by diplomatic stratagem. In this case, they will express their unfeigned surprise that Great Britain should take so strange a view of international law,—their conviction that they have only acted within the strict limits of belligerent rights, and according to precedents set by England herself. They will disclaim any intention of insult, and ask how we can attribute such folly and such discourtesy to a people who are notoriously models of forbearance and good sense. But since the two Governments take such diametrically opposite views of the matter, and as they are sincerely desirous that no hostile discussion should arise between nations so closely connected by interest and kindred, and to show their willingness to soothe our wounded sensibilities, they have no objection to express regret for any transgression as to *form* of which Commodore Wilkes may have been guilty, and to refer the question of substantial right and law to the proper legal authorities, to American prize courts, of which all the world has long admired the impartiality,—or if England insists, even to a Court of Joint Commission.

Such a course on their part might embarrass us not a little. It might, at all events, *postpone* a war;—and our Government would then have to consider whether a partial apology and a reference of the essentials of the complaint to a court whose decision we feel confident must be in our favor, would secure us from similar outrages in future, and save us from the painful necessity of avenging our own wrongs with our own hands,—whether, in fact, a partial and imperfect reparation be preferable to a sanguinary and desolating war.

From The Economist, 7 Dec.

EFFECT OF WAR RUMORS ON COTTON.

It is earnestly to be hoped that whatever answer the United States give to our demand for reparation will be a prompt and decisive one. It is to be hoped, also, that whatever our Government find it necessary to do will be done speedily. Suspense and uncertainty are death to commerce. War

with America may afford immediate relief and plenty to the famished cotton market: expectation of war only brings increased pressure and menaces decreased supply. If we are to have a war with the Federal Government, we shall, of course, recognize the Southern Confederacy, break the blockade of the Southern ports, and scatter to the winds the squadron that for so many months has been sealing up our cotton. Ships will at once sail to New Orleans, Mobile, Charleston, and Savannah, laden with all that the Confederates need, and will return to us in three or four months with cargoes of that raw material which is wanted to save the operatives of Lancashire from idleness and privation. If we are not to have war, then the high prices which will be maintained will secure as large a supply from India, as can be furnished to us for the money. But if we are to have for a considerable period an imminent probability of war, followed by a resumption of pacific relations which will leave the blockade and the civil conflict in America untouched, then there is every danger, not to say certainty, that we shall obtain cotton from neither quarter. Peace will prevent its coming from America—the dread of war will have deterred its coming from India.

Already much has been jeopardized, and all parties connected with the cotton manufacture are under great uneasiness. The effect of the news of the *San Jacinto* outrage and of our consequent proceedings has already been to cause a fall of price in Liverpool of nearly 2d per lb.,—quite 2d from the highest point previously reached. This fall, and still more the further one which would ensue from complete rupture, will be sufficient to render unprofitable a considerable part of the importations ordered and expected from India. Many of the orders recently sent out are, therefore, being countermanded; and of many more the limits of price at which they were to be executed are being much reduced. Those merchants who have had the courage to direct Indian cotton to be bought at Calcutta, Bombay or Mirzapore, on the basis of a price in Liverpool of 8d per lb., will lose enormously if the United States apologize and if peace is maintained. The knowledge of this, and the feeling that, under any circumstances, what has happened shows how very precarious must be the continuance of the American blockade, will, we fear, greatly discourage the shippers of cotton from Indian ports. Every day of uncertainty risks, and costs millions. As we said at the outset, actual war with the North will bring with it material compensations. The prospect of war carries with it no compensation whatever.

From The Press, 7 Dec.

THE "CASUS BELLI."

It is sometimes advantageous to narrow a question, in order not to leave a wider field for controversy than is necessary. Possibly Her Majesty's Ministers were influenced by this consideration when they chose to narrow a great question of international law down to a single legal point of form. But they could not have adopted a course more impolitic and unsatisfactory. It is at least doubtful whether, when the issue may be war, it is at any time expedient to rest a *casus belli* upon a mere point of form,—for this necessarily makes it appear as if the nation were fighting for a trifle. In the present case Her Majesty's Ministers have not only done this, but they have done it in such a way as to cut the ground from under their feet. It was open for them to demand reparation for the outrage as a violation of the broadest principles of international law. It was also open to them to do so on the ground that the Cabinet of Washington has not recognized the Southern States as belligerents but simply as rebels; and, therefore, that the seizure of these "rebels" when under the protection of the British flag was a flagrant violation of the rights of asylum, condemned by the very principle on which the Federal Government proclaims itself to be carrying on the war.

But Her Majesty's Ministers have followed neither of these courses. They have admitted, not directly indeed, but by implication, that if the captain of the *San Jacinto* had carried the *Trent* into port, and if an American Admiralty Court had declared the passengers contraband, the commissioners might have been lawfully seized though under our protection. Suppose, then, the Cabinet of Washington say, "We are not responsible for the seizure of these men, but here they are—and here they would have been all the same if our captain had acted in the way you declare to be right. We are quite willing now to complete the formality which you require, by sending these men to be dealt with by our Admiralty Courts, and we shall abide by the decision." In the present temper of the people, and knowing as we do how subservient the Bench in America is to popular feeling, can any one doubt that the Admiralty Court would declare the commissioners contraband of war? Besides, if we admit that the captain of the *San Jacinto* was entitled to carry one of Her Majesty's mail-packets into port to be tried by the American prize courts, *a fortiori* is he not still more justified in letting the vessel go free, and in carrying into port only four of her passengers to be so tried by the

proper tribunals? A great outrage has unquestionably been committed upon the British flag; but Her Majesty's Ministers, by a strange misfortune, have chosen to rest their demand for satisfaction upon a mere lawyer's quibble, and not a very tenable one.

From The Press, 7 Dec.

A WAR WITH AMERICA.

THE English people are at present in the position of a strong good-hearted man who gets a slap in the face from an ill-tempered younger half-brother, who never at any time was a match for him, and who at present has his right arm in a sling. What are we English to do? Are we tamely to turn our cheek to the smiter, in the perfect consciousness that in such a case he will not scruple to repeat the blow? This is one of our difficulties. If we yield to the present outrage on our flag, we are sure to have a dozen similar outrages in quick succession. We are dealing with a people who have ever been disregarding of established rights, and who single out us, their own brethren, as the special objects of such violations of international courtesy and law. But this is not all. It is not simply a question of national dignity and self-respect—vital as such a question is: we are concerned also for the fate of four men who were under the protection of our flag, and who are victims of this outrage. Though apparently a subsidiary point, this in fact is a consideration which of all others cannot be passed over. It is one which goes to the heart of the nation. It is as if the Austrian captain who in 1849 seized the Hungarian refugee Kossta on Turkish soil had refused to give him up. Every one remembers the excitement occasioned in this country by the mere probability of such a refusal; and no one can doubt how violently our sympathies would have been manifested against Austria had such a course been followed. As for the Americans, though they had no more interest in the matter than we had, the captain of one of their frigates actually cleared for action rather than permit the Austrians to carry off their prisoner: and this conduct was applauded both by the American Government and people. How, then, can the same Government expect us now to be indifferent to the fate of the four "rebels" which it has seized and carried into captivity from under the protection of our flag?

We can announce that, besides claiming an apology for the outrage, the despatch which Her Majesty's Ministers for Foreign Affairs, based upon the opinion of the law-

officers of the crown, has addressed to the Cabinet of Washington, demands that the captive commissioners and their secretaries shall not only be set free, but shall be replaced on board a British vessel under the protection of the British flag. What answer may we expect to this? As we thought last week, we have more reason still to think now. We fear that the judgment of the calmer minds of the American Cabinet will be overborne by the warlike views of Mr. Seward and the clamor of the American mob. What, then, is to follow? Shall we withdraw our ambassador, and content ourselves with a protest?—or must we declare war?

After the first burst of indignation is over, every man in this country, we feel assured, will be in favor of, and will demand of the Government that it shall pursue, a policy of the utmost moderation and forbearance. We believe that if the question were not complicated and aggravated by the captivity and peril of the men taken from under our protection, the right course would be simply to withdraw our ambassador, and refrain from doing more. But is this enough when the commissioners are in captivity and in danger of being condemned to death? This it is, in our opinion, which imparts such gravity to the crisis. Were these four men, or any of them, to be hung as rebels—and in the present reckless mood of the American Government and people, such a result is more than possible—what would Europe, what would the world say if we stood by, without exerting the power of England to avert or avenge such a catastrophe? What is more to the purpose, as a question of practical statesmanship, what would our own people say? Would they be content with a Government that left these men to their fate? Would not rather the indignation which at first burst forth so unanimously acquire renewed and augmented force? We feel assured it would. We trust, therefore, that whatever be the reply of the Cabinet of Washington, it will at least contain an assurance that the commissioners will be treated merely as prisoners of war, and not as rebels. Indeed this is indispensable, according to the plea advanced in justification of their seizure. To do otherwise—to proceed to try and condemn these men as rebels—would be political madness, as well as an atrocious crime. It would at once occasion similar procedure—we might almost call it just reprisals—on the part of the South; and it would so embitter and aggravate the rupture with this country that nothing but war, in its full and dread severity, would be deemed by our people an adequate retaliation for the wrong.

We trust—we are willing to believe—we earnestly pray that the Cabinet of Washington will listen, at least on this point, to the dictates alike of justice, of policy, and of humanity. As long as a hope is left to us—and at present, thank God, we have much more than a hope,—we shall take this for granted. Assuming this, then,—and assuming also, as we fear we have at least equal reason to do, that the American Government will refuse satisfaction to this country for the outrage upon our flag,—what will be the position, and what consequences will it entail? If the American Government, while refusing to restore to us the prisoners, announce that they have no intention of ill-treating them, the rupture between the two countries would lose its worst feature of aggravation, although it would still remain sufficiently grave. Were war, in such a case, to follow, assuredly it ought to take the most restricted form in which a state of belligerence can show itself.

The superiority of force is beyond measure on the side of England. Not only are the whole military forces of the North fully employed in keeping in check the armies of the South, but the main difficulty which we experienced in past wars with the United States—namely, to protect our commercial marine from the attacks of American privateers—would now be wholly removed. When American privateers had a seaboard of three thousand miles, from Portland to New Orleans, to start from and return to, it was no easy matter for our navy, numerous as it was, to arrest their depredations. But now, by the secession of the South, two-thirds of that extent of seaboard has been rent from the Union. The harbors of Portland and New York, and the waters of the Chesapeake, are almost the only points from which privateers could sail, or to which they could return with their prizes. And to blockade these points, thoroughly and effectually, would be the easiest task in the world for our fleet of war-steamers. The danger to our commercial marine, therefore, in the event of a war, would be almost nothing. And as to that other great drawback upon a war with America, which has acquired such immense importance in recent times—we mean the loss of the raw material for three-fourths of our manufacturing industry,—it no longer has any weight at all. We have already lost our supply of cotton—we have nothing more to fear on that account: and war would only give us it back. A declaration of war against the North would open to us the ports of the South, and would at one and the same time give us an abundant supply of cotton, and give the secessionists a

corresponding amount of money, the sinews of war.

Should war come—and we sincerely trust it may be avoided—it will be the incumbent duty of our Government to carry it on with the utmost forbearance. Break the blockade of the Southern ports, and blockade the harbors of the North to prevent privateering; that is all we ought to do. In every other respect, if the Northerners let us alone, we must let them alone. At this present moment, as we know from Americans themselves, our mail-coated ships the *Warrior* and *Black Prince* could, without difficulty or danger, steam up into New York harbor, burn the shipping and bombard the city. But it would be the imperative duty of the British Government to refrain from all such acts of hostility, however legitimate. We repeat it—should war prove unavoidable, it must on our part be virtually a war of defence: a war in which the only moves to be made are, to protect Canada by sending thither reinforcements, and to protect our commercial marine by blockading the ports of the North. The latter of which moves, of course, involves the opening of all the ports of the South.

But not less imperative is it upon our Government to avoid war altogether, if such an avoidance be possible. And it may be possible, even though the demands of our Government are not complied with to the letter. That will depend upon the mode and conditions under which the refusal (for we fear it will be a refusal) of the American Government is made. But war with our own kinsmen is a catastrophe above all others to be deprecated—to be shrunk from. The very thought of it, we confess, fills us with grief and repugnance. We deplore even that such a thing is possible: how much more deplorable would it be were it to become a reality! Until Parliament meets—and we hear that is to be soon—the whole responsibility of this most serious crisis must rest with Her Majesty's Ministers. We earnestly trust that they will prove equal to the emergency, and maintain the rights and dignity of England, without compromising the interests, or misinterpreting the true and enduring feelings of the nation.

Correspondence of The Press.
GERMAN OPINION.

Berlin, Dec. 4.

As you will be prepared to hear, the attitude which your Government has taken in the affair of the *Trent* is absorbing public attention here, and it invests with a certain

practical and immediate interest the declarations of neutrality put forth by England and France, and which have been published in Egidi's "Archives of State." According to the text of the declaration made by your Government every British subject is prohibited from compromising, by any act whatsoever, the character of a neutral State to which their country binds itself, and among the acts having such an effect is mentioned the carrying of despatches. The French declaration, dated June 8, enjoins that "the French people will have to refrain from any act which being committed in violation of the laws of the Empire, or of the law of nations, might be considered as an act hostile to one or the other of the two parties, and contrary to the neutrality which we have resolved to observe."

Looking, therefore, to the terms of these two declarations, we are led to regret that your Government should have treated the affair of the *Trent* as a question of form rather than on the substantial merits of the case, and that it should have adopted a course of policy which leaves the Cabinet of Washington little or no chance of any alternative in a conciliatory and pacific direction. At the same time I must not conceal from you that if the conflict is to issue in recognition of the Southern States by England, the impression produced by such a course throughout Germany will be of a painful character. We are warm partisans of slavery abolition, and the German emigrants, so numerous in the United States have brought these sentiments over with them to their adopted country. In support of this assertion I may point to a telegraph just received, stating that in New York eighty thousand Germans have expressed an opinion against going to war with England as it would bring about a recognition of the South, and consequently insure the triumph of the cause of slavery. Is it not also to be apprehended that the Government of Washington, at war at once with England and with the South, may, as a desperate resource, decree the emancipation of the blacks—a measure the consequences of which are fearful to contemplate?

Correspondence of The Press.

FRENCH OPINION.

Paris, Dec. 5.

OF course the American affair is the principal subject of discussion in these parts. The French Government at first assumed with respect to it an attitude (as diplomatists say) which was friendly to your country. It admitted that the English flag had been

grossly outraged, and that England was not only justified in seeking ample reparation, even by arms if necessary, but was bound to obtain reparation, so as to prevent a repetition of the outrage either to herself or others. Nay, more; some people who pretended to be well informed affirmed that a very moderate degree of solicitation on the part of England would induce his Imperial Majesty to join her in putting aside the blockade of the Southern ports. But within the last two or three days a somewhat different view of the affair has been taken. The Yankees are considered not to have been so much in the wrong as was at first thought. The English Government is accused of having acted with precipitancy in resolving to demand an apology and the release of the captured envoys, before being acquainted with the American version of the facts. It is considered quite shocking that you should have already sent out ships and be preparing to send more to blaze away cannon against our loving "brothers" across the Atlantic, instead of submitting to this new insult with as much patience as you have endured others; in a word, the old leaven of hatred to perfidious Albion is acting. Still, I do not apprehend that any harm will come of this. It is not the interest of the Emperor of the French to be on bad terms just now with England; and it is manifestly impolitic for him to declare for the "party" in the coming conflict which is sure to be thrashed. Moreover, he has even greater reason than England has to see the braggarts of the North put down; for France is in pressing need of cotton to keep her manufacturing population at work—a population which, as is known, makes the Government responsible for all the evils it suffers, and which when work runs scarce and distress comes, throws up barricades, and brings forth the secreted musket, or—to use its own oft-repeated expression—is determined to "live by working, or die fighting." And it is only, of course, by smashing the North that cotton can be let loose.

I must not, however, disguise from you that if the Government were to gratify the inclinations of the bulk of the French people, or at least that chattering and noisy portion of them collected at Paris, it would adopt an unfriendly policy to England in this American affair. These people are delighted at the idea of your being engaged in war, because war, they say, will weaken you, even though—a thing they dare not deny—it is morally certain to end in your triumph. If they could reasonably foresee defeat for you, they would not be sorry—*au contraire*: but as they cannot do that, they content themselves with visions of privateers capturing your merchant ships by the hundred, of Can-

ada being invaded, and of your exhausting men, ships, and money in a series of insignificant combats. And when, say they, you are weakened, then—then will be the time for the Emperor to pick a quarrel with you, and to attempt to execute the great enterprise which he is supposed to be nursing in that mysterious breast of his—the humiliation of England.

That war between the States and Great Britain is inevitable is the firm opinion here, even in governmental circles. The States, it is held, are certain to refuse what England requires,—apologies for the insult to her flag, and the surrender of the prisoners; and England, consistently with her own honor, and with the position she has taken up, cannot, it is thought, yield an inch. Poor old General Scott, the ex-chief of the Federal "army," has, to be sure, written a letter to the newspapers, in which he hints that perhaps the United States would consent to give up the prisoners provided England would efface the right of search from her maritime code—and that by some such arrangement war might be avoided. But this worthy old gentleman does not appear to understand that England cannot stoop to the degradation of *buying* redress for an outrage. The French, moreover, believe war to be inevitable, for the reason that England has, apart altogether from the *Trent* affair, many grave reasons for being anxious to chastise the Yankees, and they have the candor to admit that she could hardly hope for a more favorable opportunity of doing so, thoroughly and effectively, than the present. It is worthy of note that even the official Government journal the *Moniteur* speaks to-day of war as almost certain.

The French people are, as I have said, pleased at seeing you plunged into the difficulties and dangers of war; but they overlook the fact that they will themselves suffer grievously from it, even though they do not take part in it. By the conflict between the Northern and Southern States their commerce has fallen off tremendously; and the coming war between the Northern States and England will of course close the former to their productions,—and yet those States form one of the principal markets they possess—the principal, in fact, seeing that a large portion of French exports which are despatched to England, and are therefore supposed to be for English account, are in reality destined for the said States. The war, too, will of course diminish the purchasing powers of England, Germany, and other markets.

From The Saturday Review, 7 Dec.

PEACE OR WAR.

By an unfortunate accident, the Federal Congress assembled on the 4th of this month, and the President's message will have been delivered several days before the receipt of the English demands. If Mr. Lincoln has been prudent enough to pass over in silence the capture of the Southern commissioners, he may still be at liberty to comply with the requisitions of international law. The Senate or its Committee on Foreign Relations, may perhaps waive its concurrent authority; or, if it has the wisdom and patriotism to share the responsibility of a just concession, it may protect the Executive against the unpopularity which might otherwise be incurred by the surrender of the prisoners. There is, however, too much reason to fear that Mr. Seward may have persuaded the President to sanction and adopt the illegal act of Captain Wilkes. If the Government is once officially pledged to a wrongful course, it will be difficult or impossible afterwards to retract in the presence of the ignorant and excited multitude. It seems, on the whole, probable that the outrage on the *Trent* was not directly planned by the Government; but the announcement that naval officers have been ordered to allow themselves considerable latitude in their dealings with English ships, indicates a desire, not so unintelligible as it is disgraceful, to provoke a wanton quarrel. In no other civilized country are professional politicians so much in the habit of pursuing objects of their own in disregard of the public interests. The members of Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet, as their enemies assert, inflicted a deadly injury on the Southern States by inducing them to form a separate confederacy in which they would themselves occupy a principal position; and Mr. Seward may, in the same manner, consider a war with England advantageous to himself, although he cannot but be aware that it is ruinous to his country and his cause. To the last moment, the Secretary of State protested against coercive measures; and although he has, since the outbreak of hostilities, judiciously modified his language, he may possibly never have changed his opinions. It was perhaps necessary to promise the people an early and certain conquest of the South, but intelligent men at the centre of affairs must long since have known that success was hopeless. Once or twice, Northern journals have inserted significant hints of Mr. Seward's inclination to abandon the enterprise; but the minority which perceives that submission is inevitable is not yet strong enough to avow its con-

victions. The President and his Cabinet cannot withdraw from the useless struggle without forfeiting their popularity, unless some external compulsion furnishes them at the same time with a sufficient excuse and with the means of diverting attention from the South. In all similar embarrassments, the traditional resource of American politicians is a quarrel with England. A foreign war solves all political difficulties in the simplest manner. It breaks the blockade, which cannot otherwise be decorously raised; it establishes the independence of the Confederate States; it provides the army of the Potomac with an unanswerable reason for not advancing to Richmond; and, above all, it explains, for all future time, the failure of the prophecies which have for several months amused the population of the North. Like the great fire at Ravenswood Castle, under the judicious management of Caleb Balderstone, a rupture with England will forever save Mr. Seward's credit as a statesman. "Where's the plate, the plenishing, the family pictures?" "All lost in the great fire." "How comes his lordship to be so poorly provided?" "What? haven't you heard of the fire?" All impertinent inquirers receive the same answer—"The fire, the fire, the fire!" So, when America and Europe hereafter ask Mr. Seward for his boasted Union, he will refer them to the fatal war with England. The most splendid prospects of victory, the certainty of an early and triumphant peace—all was lost in the calamitous war. That accounts for all evaporated bluster and for all broken promises—the war, the war, the war! It is true Caleb Balderstone only burnt a heap of straw in the castle-yard, while his imitator will have to set the house itself on fire; but eloquent patriotism naturally leads to more serious sacrifices of the property of others than those which were prompted by the harmless vanity of an old family retainer.

The choice of peace or war mainly rests with the Government of Washington, but something may possibly depend on English opinion, and it is desirable that the little influence which can be exerted on this side of the Atlantic should not be employed in envenoming the dispute. A war with the Federal Union will only be undertaken because it has been rendered unavoidable. No contest can be more repugnant to English feelings, and even material interests enormously preponderate in favor of peace. The mere increase in maritime insurance will almost balance the doubtful advantage of a sudden and enormous influx of Sea Island and New Orleans cotton. There were never so few laden American vessels to capture, nor so many unemployed hulls and sailors in Amer-

ican ports to cover the sea with privateers. Great suffering may be inflicted on the enemy by blockades and isolated expeditions, but it will not be a war of great campaigns or of brilliant victories. English admirals and generals will have nothing to fight for but an honorable peace, and before they obtain it their successes may too probably sow the seeds of interminable animosity. There can be no peculiar sympathy between England and the new Confederacy as long as slavery is the basis of Southern institutions, and while the revival of the slave trade is an open question at Charleston and New Orleans. The statesmen of the South, while they remained in the Union, bid against the demagogues of the North for popularity by constant vituperation of England. Their great superiority in council and in arms has since conciliated a respect which has been withheld from their windy adversaries. Their commercial theories are less narrow and obnoxious than the corrupt selfishness of Pennsylvanian policy, nor is there any reason why, if they abstain from the African slave trade, the Confederate States should not enjoy a profitable and friendly intercourse with the country which first recognised their belligerent rights. Yet the close alliance which must result from a joint warfare against the North would be in many ways embarrassing to the English Government. It is inconvenient to incur even a seeming responsibility for acts which cannot be controlled, while they may frequently not be approved. England, if she is forced into the war, will enter on the struggle without passion, as without hesitation; but the Confederates will simultaneously profit by the weakness of their enemies to exact vengeance for unpardonable wrongs. It would be idle to enumerate all the additional proofs which might be adduced that a war which is unanimously deprecated is in itself undesirable. Even the blatant journalists of New York will perhaps discover, when it is too late, that the previous forbearance of England was not suggested by fear of the irresistible strength of the North, and that the war has been commenced, not from a desire to profit by the weakness of the Union, but in calm and unavoidable compliance with the laws of duty and honor.

The professed partisans of peace, as usual, form an exception to the really pacific tendency of general opinion. At a time when all classes are willing to abide by the strict rule of law, and to be contented with the barest technical satisfaction for an insulting outrage, the party which once derived its name from Manchester exaggerates the rights of belligerents, and protests against any attempt to vindicate the national honor. The

New York Herald, which only caricatures the folly of its equally malignant rivals, disposes of the difficulty by requesting the President to call out five hundred thousand more soldiers, and to build several hundred men-of-war. Any wavering on the part of the English Government would have been attributed to fear of the American Bobadil; and yet the London advocate of the Northern States asserts that any attempt to resent the outrage on the British flag would be a cowardly attack on an opponent who is temporarily disabled. It is unwise to provide fresh fuel for the deep but restrained indignation of Englishmen; but it is far more dangerous to encourage American presumption. The writers who argue that ambassadors may be taken from neutral ships because Mr. Laurens was captured on his way to the Hague, in 1781, on board an American packet, although they may not be capable of understanding a legal argument, will be misled by the blundering apologies of their English supporters. The blessing which is promised to peacemakers will scarcely attend the mischievous busybodies who foment quarrels by unseasonable exhortations to peace, when extremities can only be avoided by reparation and justice. ●

From The Saturday Review, 7 Dec.

CANADA.

It is asserted on competent authority that Canada is loyal, and there is at least no reason to suppose that the Canadians are mad. If they were anxious to be annexed by the Northern Federation, they might almost certainly attain the object of their wishes; and as long as they desire to retain their present allegiance, they are perfectly capable of defending the position which must form the basis of their future independence. It is not probable that they will wish to enclose themselves within the meshes of the Morrill Tariff for the purpose of sharing the glory and responsibility of conquering the insurgent South. When the founders of the American Union were themselves engaged in an "unnatural rebellion," they failed in their attempt to force Canada into a similar revolt; and in the war of 1812, American ambition was again baffled by the loyalty of the colonists, although, as General McClellan lately observed, General Scott had the good fortune of "consecrating the soil of Canada with his blood." If war should unhappily break out, the imperial garrison will be largely strengthened, and the local militia and volunteers will be at least a match for any equal number of extemporized soldiers

from the States. It is true that the colony contains more than one race, and several political parties, who may feel different degrees of attachment to the English connection. The Roman Catholics of the Lower Province stood aloof from the reception of the Prince of Wales, and the Orangemen of the West resented his discouragement of factious demonstrations; but the French Canadians have little sympathy with the grasping New Englanders; and the zealots who have transplanted into a distant continent the traditions of the Boyne will scarcely range themselves side by side with the patriotic Meagher. If the whole population is not of one mind, it is nevertheless sufficiently unanimous for practical purposes. The first American regiment which violates the frontier will remove all shades and distinctions of feeling by uniting all the North American colonies against the insolent invader.

The Federal Government has found it hitherto impossible to gain any serious advantage over five or six millions of enemies who are politically embarrassed by the possession of slaves. The Confederates are subject to the danger of forcible emancipation, they are destitute of money and of allies, and they are excluded from maritime intercourse with the outer world. Canada, on the other hand, with three millions of inhabitants, and with no weak point in her social institutions, will be supported by all the resources of a power which will in turn blockade the Northern ports, and drive the Federal fleets from the sea. As long as the Southern war lasts, it will be almost impossible for the Federal Government to maintain even a defensive force on the Northern frontier. Mr. Seward probably hopes to make peace with the Confederate States by recognizing their independence under cover of the popular irritation against England; but even if he succeeds in his object, the negotiations must be long, and the Border States will require a military force to keep them in subjection until the innumerable points of dispute are finally settled. Even if all the five hundred thousand men in the field were available for a still more wanton war, they could make little impression on such a country as Canada. North America, with its vast spaces, and its population of English descent, may be traversed, from time to time, by hostile armies, but it is not made to be conquered. The inhabitants will everywhere, in the long run, be stronger than the invaders; and in the supposed struggle the Canadians would have the aid of the only regular army on the continent, as well as of an irresistible navy. All the chances of success would be reversed if England

were insanely meditating the conquest of American territory. In the struggle which has, for eighty years, supplied the United States with inexhaustible materials of vaporing, the English Government was endeavoring to retain possession of its ancient dominions. Notwithstanding its mismanagement, the royal armies generally maintained their superiority in the field; but when they were gradually compelled to withdraw from the positions which they held, the independence of the colonies was practically complete. In future wars, English commanders will have no motive for engaging their troops deeply within a hostile territory. If the war proceeds, it may perhaps become expedient to set right the errors or frauds of diplomacy by rectifying the boundary lines in Maine and in Oregon, and a superiority in arms will also be profitably employed in closing the vexatious dispute about San Juan; but, in general England enters into the contest without a selfish impulse, for the purpose of coercing a rude and arrogant Government into the observance of national justice and courtesy. There will be little difficulty in applying the force which may be necessary for this purpose through the exclusive instrumentality of the fleet. No army will be required, except to assist in the defence of Canada; and the home garrisons can easily spare troops for this purpose without any serious augmentation of the peace establishment.

As far as it is possible to judge at a distance, there seems reason to believe that Canada is determined to form a separate nation, instead of merging itself in the American chaos. The party disputes of the province are conducted with an energy which is more impressive than intelligible to ordinary readers of the colonial journals. The Ministerialists and the Clear Grits have always forcible arguments to urge against one another, but neither party appears to complain of any grievance proceeding from the Imperial Government. The only indication of American sympathies is furnished by the frequency with which, in party polemics, they are attributed to adversaries whom it is expedient to damage. The French Canadians and their allies in the Upper Province are opposed to the Orangemen, as the Democrats of the North and South were lately allied against the Black Republicans. Their antagonism is, however, less strongly based on social differences or on material interests, and for the most part their controversies appear to be managed without the introduction of any foreign element.

If Canada should, at some future time, form any union with neighboring States, the change will probably be coincident with

a new territorial dismemberment of the Northern Federation. In the South-West, Upper Canada joins the great States beyond the Alleghanies, which will almost certainly throw off the yoke of the Protectionist manufacturers of Pennsylvania and Massachusetts. It is impossible and unnecessary to look forward to distant revolutions, dependent on causes which will probably have been unanticipated. It is enough for the present purpose to see that in all reasonable probability, Canada is not destined to satiate or stimulate the vanity of aggressive Americans. In former ages, the limits of States were regulated by dynastic combinations, or modified by the fortune of war. Prussia and Austria are the estates which certain families amassed in the course of generations. The Italy of the present day, on the other hand, unites from a sense of national unity. The Confederate States of America derive their origin from social and economical causes. Canada may either hold together by historical tradition, or split asunder for political reasons. A war between England and the Northern Union is more likely to postpone the change than to precipitate a separation.

From The London Review, 7 Dec.

THE SITUATION.

It would be an idle and unprofitable occupation to speculate on an event which will be so soon removed from the domain of conjecture. The next mail from America (which we are likely to receive on Monday next), will probably decide the question, the issue of which is so anxiously expected. It is not probable that the determination of the course of the Washington Cabinet will await or depend upon the arrival of the English despatch. The matter will, before the departure of the next mail, have been under the full discussion of the American press and statesmen for nearly a fortnight, and the die will no doubt be cast for good or for evil, in a manner which will admit neither of modification nor recall. The sentence of the English Government has been pronounced with deliberation, and the mind of the English people has been made up with calmness, and now we can afford to await the result with fortitude and composure.

While the matter was still under discussion we thought it right to oppose all possible obstacles to a hasty and inconsiderate conclusion. In entering upon a quarrel nothing is so necessary or so just as to endeavor to place the case of your adversary in the strongest light. The passionate and unrighteous man will always exaggerate his

own wrong, and suppress the mitigating circumstances which tell on the other side. A just and magnanimous antagonist will endeavor to state in the strongest and most plausible form everything which can be fairly alleged in favor of his foe. If, after such a review, he finds his quarrel just he is thrice armed by the consciousness that he has omitted nothing which can be impartially alleged against his cause. And this is the strong position which we think that the public opinion of England is now entitled to assume.

The dross which passion and ignorance have imported into this momentous topic has now been winnowed out by the blast of a full and fair public discussion. The unreal portion of the grievance has been filtered away, and we can now examine the *residuum* which an exact analysis has reduced to a precipitate. We pointed out last week, that in the fact of the search itself, if it had been properly pursued, there was nothing to complain of. This point is no longer disputed. There remains, then, the act of seizure, and the informal method of its execution. Upon these points we stated, without pretending to decide them, the doubts which existed, and the arguments which might be alleged on either side. The law officers of the crown are understood to have rested their opinion mainly upon the impropriety of the captain of the *San Jacinto* having constituted himself the judge in a case which could only rightly be determined by the legally constituted tribunal. In this they have no doubt decided wisely; for there is an immense advantage in taking a stand upon a ground which, however narrow, is still indisputable.

From this view of the case, the consideration of what might have been the decision if the matter had been submitted to a proper tribunal becomes superfluous, and it is not understood that the law officers have actually pronounced upon that point. Nevertheless, it is useful to record that after the ample discussion which has taken place a preponderance of opinion seems to have pronounced against the justification, on which the American captain must have relied in a prize court. No authority or case has been cited which goes to the extent of showing that ambassadors from a belligerent power on their route to a neutral port may be seized on board a neutral vessel. Nor can it be said to have been shown that despatches on their way to a neutral destination are confiscable in the same manner as they would be if addressed to a belligerent terminus. At the same time, in the face of the case of the *Constantia Holbec* (6 Robinson's Rep. p. 461, *note*), where a Danish neutral

ship was seized and condemned by Lord Stowell for carrying despatches from a French colony to the French ambassador at the neutral city of Copenhagen, it would, perhaps, be too much to say that all despatches with a neutral address are necessarily innocent. And, indeed, it is obvious that this could not be so, for otherwise though a despatch could not be sent direct from Charleston to New Orleans, it could—if this doctrine were carried to its extreme length—perform the same journey if it only went through the colorable form of resting on its road on the neutral ground of Bermuda.

All, therefore, that can be said on this head is, that a prize court, in deciding in favor of the legality of the capture of the *Trent*, would have carried the doctrine of belligerent rights to an extent which they have never yet actually reached, and to which, in the opinion of our best lawyers, they ought not to be stretched. On the other hand, in pronouncing such a judgment, the court would not have actually violated any principle precisely laid down or acted in defiance of any case which has been positively decided. And in that position we may be well content to leave a speculative point, which has ceased to have any practical importance.

American politicians and journalists are naturally very eager to discover some case in point, by which they may fix England with the responsibility of acts identical with that of which we now complain. Their entire failure to accomplish this end, is the greatest testimony to the weakness of their case. It is singular enough that the great champions of neutral immunities should not be able to discover any justification for their own excesses in the whole history of a country, which has been compelled, in the very struggle for existence, to assert to the uttermost the rights of belligerents. It would be comical enough, if the matter itself were not too tragical, to see American statesmen becoming innovators in what they have always called "belligerent outrages." We say nothing of the *New York Herald*, which endeavors to find a justification for Captain Wilkes in the case of the *Leopard*, for which the English Government made honorable amends, and in which it conceded the same reparation which we now ask at the hands of the American Government. But it is useless to expect fairness or even decency in the columns of the *New York Herald*.

But the case of Mr. George Sumner's letter seems to us much graver and more inexcusable. Mr. George Sumner is brother of the well-known legislator, Charles Sumner, and is evidently, by the manner in which his authority is quoted, looked up to as a per-

son entitled to give an opinion on this momentous question. His own people have a right to expect from him in this critical hour prudent counsels and sound information. Yet this is the man who comes forward with a falsified precedent to encourage and exasperate a misguided nation into a course which must precipitate their ruin. We can conceive no act the memory of which ought more to embitter existence with an undying remorse than this of Mr. Sumner, who has done what in him lay, by this rash and ignorant opinion, to hurry his countrymen, who looked to him for counsel and guidance, into the desperate hazard of an unjustifiable war. In such a case ignorance is something more than a blunder, and negligence is little less than a crime.

The letter of General Scott is conceived in a very different spirit. It must be admitted to be a very ingenious and astute apology in a desperate case. It is like nothing so much as the speech of a skilful advocate for the defendant in a cause where there is absolutely no defence. All that can be done is to endeavor to distract the attention of the jury from the real question at issue by the introduction of miscellaneous topics to effect a diversion, which cannot save the verdict, but which, perhaps, may mitigate the damages. General Scott very skilfully evades the real gist of the question. He does not venture to affirm that his own countrymen are in the right, and he takes very good care not to admit that they ought to make reparation. He thinks if Mr. Seward does not persuade Lord Russell that America is in the right, Lord Russell may easily persuade Mr. Seward that America is in the wrong. This is a very cheerful and pleasant view of the case; and as the first event is not likely to occur, the sooner the second is brought about the better for all parties. Nevertheless, the whole tone of his letter has at least this that is satisfactory in it. If he does not meet the case in the only manner which can pacifically settle it, he, at least, does not attempt to bluster and bully out of the difficulty, of whose gravity he is clearly abundantly conscious. Through the whole of this evasive performance an obvious disinclination is shown to push matters to extremities with England. Whatever may be the case with the New York and Washington mob, General Scott, at least, is sufficiently well informed of the inequality of the struggle. If we could hope that the statesmen of America would think and act in the spirit of this letter, the prospect of a pacific solution of this question would not be altogether desperate. But, unfortunately, the Cabinet of Washington will deliberate in a very different atmosphere from that in which

General Scott writes. The latter is under the wholesome influence of Parisian public opinion which is unanimously hostile to the cause which he has to sustain—the former will have to act under the coercion of a mob, whose passions and prejudices will neither submit to the restraints of reason and law, nor listen to the reasonings of prudence and policy.

England will have the satisfaction of feeling that she has done nothing either to seek or precipitate this quarrel. If America refuses to do justice to us, she will do it with her eyes open, and the consequences must be on her own head. We may take Heaven to witness that it is not any desire of selfish advantage for ourselves that has brought things to this terrible issue. If we regret—as we believe both the Government and the people of England do most sincerely regret—the necessity which is forced upon us, it is not from any doubt or fear as to the event. A war in which the advantage was so entirely and beyond calculation on one side, has never yet been recorded in the pages of history. From the moment that hostilities commence, the American flag must inevitably disappear from the face of the seas. Her whole naval force does not amount to a dozen effective steam vessels of war, and none of these are above the class of frigates. It is not an exaggeration to say, that for every American ship of war England can produce ten, and the superiority of calibre and armament would probably double this proportion in our favor. The only weak point in our possessions is being already strengthened. Several regiments are now under orders to sail for Canada, and will probably embark in the course of the next week. It is expected that at this season, ships will be able to ascend the St. Lawrence to the Rivière de Loup, a distance within some ninety miles of Quebec, a point whence the troops will be conveyed by railroad. Should, however, the access at this place be already blocked, they will be disembarked at St. Andrew's and by the railroad from that place to Woodstock they will be conveyed to a point at which they will be distant only one hundred and twenty miles from the railroad communications to Quebec. There need, therefore, be no apprehensions for the safety of Canada, which, besides the assistance we shall send, has an admirable militia quite adequate to her immediate defence. From the vantage ground of a just cause, with an overwhelming superiority of force, we may await with calmness and confidence a decision which cannot long be delayed.

From The London Review, 7 Dec.
WHAT CANADA WILL DO.

If the Federal authorities of America are so rash and wicked as to compel the British Government to declare war for the vindication of the insulted honor of this country, what part will be taken by the people of Canada? The answer is easy. The Canadians will resist to the last extremity any and every pretension on the part of the Government of Washington to invade or occupy their territory. The Canadians have no sympathy with the people of the ex-United States, and have long had occasion to congratulate themselves on the enjoyment of a greater and better-founded liberty, than was ever possessed either by the North or the South. They have no political, social, or commercial grievances to be redressed. They are entirely free to govern themselves as they please. They can turn out an unpopular Ministry at a day's notice, a feat which, in Washington, it takes four years to accomplish; and if they be not wholly independent of the mother country, it is only because they themselves desire to maintain a connection that, for all administrative purposes, is purely nominal, and that, in every other respect, is honorable to both parties, and profitable to Canada. So fully impressed are they with the benefits of a British connection, that they look upon their severance from the "old country" as the greatest calamity that could befall them, one that would certainly entail taxation and could not produce any benefit.

No sooner did the desperate politicians who share the councils of Mr. Lincoln instruct the disreputable *New York Herald*, and other papers, to blow a blast of defiance to Great Britain, and bluster for the annexation of Canada, as a compensation for the secession of the Cotton States, than Canada, both East and West, declared as one man against the insolence and temerity of the threat. The Canadians, whether of French or Anglo-Saxon extraction, not only repudiated the degrading proposal, but showed in a thousand ways that they were resolved to fight for their liberties with determination and energy, and that every hundred British soldiers landed upon Canadian soil to repel the aggressions of the "Yankee," would be supported by at least a thousand Canadians, eager to do battle for the inviolability of their soil, and for their independence of the control of their reckless and unprincipled neighbors.

There is no possibility of mistake in this matter. The Canadians desire to work out their own free destiny without participation in the sin or punishment of the slavery which the North has not the courage or the hon-

esty to attempt to abolish, and which is the principal element of weakness in the otherwise strong cause of the South; and they see far away amid the possibilities of the future, a much greater chance of the absorption by Canada of some of the Western States of the late Union, than of the absorption of Canada into the incohesive fragment that yields such flickering and uncertain allegiance to President Lincoln. In short, the relations between Canada and the mother country are so clear and cordial, and so well understood and appreciated on both sides, that, if the Canadian Parliament and people were to vote themselves a Free State tomorrow, the people and Government of Great Britain would acquiesce in the decision without a murmur, and would bid her hopeful progeny God speed in the career of independence, without the indulgence of any wish except for their peace, prosperity, and happiness.

So long as Canada desires to retain the connection, not the whole might of the united North and South, much less that of the fragmentary and diminishing North, would suffice to despoil Canada of one inch of territory. If Great Britain be reluctantly driven into this war—with right on her side, but sorrow in her heart—she will assuredly despatch from twenty thousand to thirty thousand troops, to form the nucleus of a Canadian army, to be augmented, in case of need, by every man in Canada of an age fit for military service—a volunteer force that will cost as much to subdue, or more, than the force under Beauregard or Johnson, that guards Manassas and beleaguers Washington. Great Britain, if left unprovoked in a war that concerned her material interests, but did not touch her honor, would never have sought to disturb any pre-existing arrangements; but if war must come, who can blame her if, in justice to herself and as a safeguard for the future, she take advantage of it to secure a rectification of the Canadian frontier, at the expense of the State of Maine? of a large portion of which, and of a winter port on the Atlantic, she was deprived by the blundering good-nature of the late Lord Ashburton, when deputed, on account of his American sympathies and connections, to settle the disputed boundary lines of Maine and Oregon. Nay, the State of Maine itself—a portion of whose people agitated, so early as 1857, for annexation to Canada—may revive the question at the first outbreak of hostilities, and make the first advance to a new secession, of which, the example may be contagious, and extend down the chain of the great lakes to Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. These States have no interest in the rowdism of

New York and Philadelphia—rowdiness installed in Washington, and governing the whole North—but they have the greatest interest in the corn trade of the world, that would find its proper outlet to Europe through the St. Lawrence in the summer, and through Portland or some other harbor of Maine, in the winter.

The Hudson for the boundary line of Canada is not a new cry. Let Mr. Lincoln and his Government at Washington take care that it be not revived to their discomfiture, for it is but one of many vital questions that a war between Great Britain and the United States would stir into prominence, and of which wise statesmanship would beware, under the perilous circumstances of the time. The South alone is an enemy sufficiently formidable. To have Great Britain and Canada to contend against at the same time, would be a combination of difficulties that none but madmen would wilfully provoke. Separated from the South, and at peace with Canada and Great Britain, the North might run a noble career; it might still be the home of free men, and the cradle of new and enlightened nations, stretching far away to the Pacific Ocean, and covering a territory twenty times larger than France and England. But if, through its own petulance and arrogance, it should become involved in a war with Great Britain, let it take heed lest it encounter the Nemesis of a new secession, more debilitating and fatal than the first. To lose the Cotton States and slavery, is to lose little. To lose Maine and the Far West, and perhaps New England, would be to lose everything, and to cease to be a great nation.

Such considerations as these must have passed through the mind of a man so astute as Mr. Seward. They may, perhaps, have their weight at Washington, when Lord Lyons conveys to him the demand of our Government of apology for the conduct of the captain of the *San Jacinto*. If they shall be found useful in preserving peace—which we earnestly hope they may be—no power in the world will ultimately have such reason to rejoice as the United States.

We close these English extracts by two from *Punch* of 7 Dec. *Punch* is generally wiser, and more truly represents British public opinion, than any other paper.

It has two pictures: one of a great fat sailor saying to a little fellow not a quarter of his size: "You do what's right, my son, or I'll blow you out of the water;" the other, "A bad

case of throwing stones," Mr. Bull saying, "Now mind you, sir; no shuffling—an ample apology—or I put the matter into the hands of my lawyers, Messrs. Whitworth and Armstrong."

A WARNING TO JONATHAN;

OR, "DOTH HE WAG HIS TAIL?"

JONATHAN, Jonathan, 'ware of the Lion:

He's patient, he's placable, slow to take fire:
There are tricks which in safety a puppy might try on,
But from dogs of his *own* size they waken his ire.

With your bounce and your bunkum you've pelted him often,
Good-humored, he laughed, as the missiles flew by,
Hard words you've employed, which he ne'er bid you soften,
As knowing your tallest of talk all my eye.

When you blustered he still was content with pooh-poohing,
When you flared up he just let the shavings burn out;
He knew you were fonder of talking than doing,
And Lions for trifles don't put themselves out.

But beware how you tempt even leonine patience,
Or presume the old strength has forsaken his paw:
He's proud to admit you and he are relations,
But even relations may take too much law.

If there's one thing he values, 'tis right of asylum;
Safe who rests 'neath the guard of the Lion must be:
In that shelter the hard-hunted fugitive whilom,
Must be able to sleep the deep sleep of the free.

Then think twice, and think well, ere from guard of the Lion
Those who seek his protection you try to withdraw:
Though Stowell and Wheaton and Kent you rely on,
There are points on which lions wont listen to jaw.

Remembering in time the old tale of the show-man,
Who his head in the mouth of the Lion would sheath,
Till with lengthened impunity, bold as a Roman,
He seemed to forget that the Lion had teeth

But the time came at last, when, all risks madly
 scorning,
 He went just too far down that road rough
 and red,
 When, with only one wag of his tail for a
 warning,
 Snap went Leo's jaws, and off went Barnum's
 head!

NOTICE TO THE NORTH.

YANKEES, beware! we are averse,
 But not afraid to fight.
 War we account the direst curse
 On man that can alight;
 And we will do whate'er we may
 To keep that worst of plagues away.

Insults we've borne, and more can bear
 To idle acts confined,
 Or words, for which no more we care
 Than for the noisome wind
 Polluted by your skunk, which blows
 Beyond the sphere of England's nose.

But, by insufferable deeds,
 Throwing substantial mud,
 So urge us not that we must needs
 Embrace the work of blood;
 Which we abhor; compelled to smite,
 Shall therefore do with all our might.

For Peace we fight—as we forbear—
 To keep it, patience strain;
 To conquer it no efforts spare;
 And conquer to retain:
 As, if to war you make us go,
 By Jove, we'll try to let you know!

COUNT GASPARIK ON THE TRENT AFFAIR.

[A correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* translates for it the article published in the *Journal des Debats* of 11, 12, and 13 Dec. The *Living Age* has omitted some parts.]

Valleyres, December 6, 1861.

MONSIEUR,—Between the meetings at Liverpool and the ovations, is there not room for a word of peace? A word of peace, I know, ought to be a word of impartiality. We must make up our minds to be treated as an American in England, and as an Englishman in America; but what matters it, if the truth pursues its path, and if one obstacle the more rises in the way of this horrible war, this war against nature, which would commence by assuring the triumph of the champions of negro slavery, and would terminate by giving more than one perilous chance to the cause of free institutions.

There is one fundamental rule to follow

in the questions raised by the right of search: to distrust first impressions. These are always very strong. They always look to an attempt upon the honor of the flag. Patriotic susceptibilities, which I understand and respect, are always brought into play.

These officers, these foreign marines, who have given orders and exacted obedience, who have stopped a ship in its course and placed their feet on the sacred deck where floated a country's flag, who have questioned and searched, and perhaps taken measures more serious still, is it impossible they should not have easily provoked feelings of wrath and indignation? Even when practised according to the proper forms and confined to the most legal limits, the right of search must always endanger collisions. The recent search of the *Jules et Marie*, whose yards were carried away and her nettings stove in, seems to me a true picture of all the searches at sea—they all cause some damage.

And yet the right of search is contested by no one, and will be exercised in times of war until the day when the American proposition, alluded to the other day by General Scott, shall be accepted by our Old World.

I have mentioned the name of General Scott, and I do it with a feeling of joy. All who have read his letter should say as I do, that there exists in the United States a class of intelligent, moderate, patriotic men, having made their proofs, and capable of examining, without passion, the claims of the British Government. These men know at this day the value of maintaining friendly relations with England. Whatever opinion they may form upon the question of right presented by the act of Captain Wilkes, they understand that no consideration can be placed in the balance with the danger of bringing on the recognition of the Southern States, the violation of the blockade, and a war with a powerful and friendly nation—a sister nation, of the same blood, speaking the same language, and devoted to the same mission of civilization and liberty. No honorable sacrifice will be too dear for them to avoid this terrible catastrophe.

Oh! I would that they could see with their own eyes, if only for a moment, what is now passing in Europe. Their enemies triumph and their friends are amazed. We who have always loved America, and who love her the more since she has suffered for a noble cause, we who have defended her and who have not ceased to believe in her final success, in spite of faults and of checks, we have felt all our hopes threatened at once—and the earth seemed to give way beneath our feet. No, we cannot think that America, in light gayety of heart, will destroy

with her hands in a moment the fruit of so much effort and sacrifice. It would not be patriotism, it would not be dignity, it would be an act of madness and of suicide.

WHY THE PRISONERS SHOULD BE RELEASED.

If the *Trent* violated the rules of neutrality, it is not less certain that other rules have been violated. The duty of marine officers limits itself to search ships, and, if necessary, to arrest them, in order to conduct them before a prize court. They should not exercise the office of judge. In substituting the arrest of persons for the seizure of the ship, and a military act for an arrest before a tribunal, Captain Wilkes has given cause for the well-grounded protests of England, at the same time that he has left the way open, thank Heaven, for measures of reparation which the United States can adopt.

I know very well that the indignation would not have been any less in Liverpool and London if the *Trent* had been arrested and carried before American judges. Perhaps even this correct and regular proceeding would have wounded more deeply than that of which England complains. It is permitted to question, with General Scott, "if the offence would have been smaller if it had been greater." But this is not the practical question, the only one now important. The question is, to get out of the embarrassment, and the error committed by the commander of the *San Jacinto* furnishes a reasonable means of consenting to the release of the prisoners.

Far from being a humiliation for the Government at Washington, this act of wisdom would be one of the best titles to glory. It would prove that moral force was not wanting to it, that it is a slander to represent it to us as the slave of a vile democracy, incapable of resisting the outcries of the street, and of accepting, for the safety of the country, an hour of unpopularity.

Let the American Government believe us, its true friends, that, in arresting Messrs. Mason and Slidell it has done more for the cause of the South than Price or Beauregard could have done in gaining two great victories on the Potomac and in Missouri. Messrs. Mason and Slidell are a hundred times more dangerous under the bolts of Fort Warren than in the streets of Paris or London. That which their diplomacy would surely not have obtained in many months, Captain Wilkes has procured for them in an hour. What rejoicing there must be in the camp of the partisans of the South! They were beginning to despair. Recognition, that only chance of the defenders of slavery, seemed further off than ever. The recent

successes of the Federal arms announced the commencement of great retaliations. The war was carried from the environs of Washington to the very heart of South Carolina. There remained for them no other important resources but those which might arise during the winter of the discontent of our industrial centres. And now, suddenly, the situation is changed, their recognition becomes possible, the blockade is threatened, and the United States expose themselves to be turned away from the South in order to face a more formidable adversary.

In truth, what has Mr. Jefferson Davis given you that you should render him such a service?

THE EXCITEMENT IN ENGLAND.

Let us now turn to England and say the truth to her also.

As long as the affair of the *Trent* is not treated by itself, and coolly, as long as they lend their ears there to falsehoods invented by passion, which even out the questions, which exclude conciliatory efforts and pacific hopes, they will labor actively there to ruin all that England had gloriously built up here below. It is impossible to exaggerate the consequences, fatal to liberty in all shapes, embodied in such a policy.

At first it was supposed that Captain Wilkes had acted from instructions, and that the Government of Mr. Lincoln had proposed expressly to seize the Southern commissioners on board of an English vessel. Now, it is found that Captain Wilkes, who was returning from Africa, had no instructions of any sort. He acted, according to his own expression, at his own risk and peril, like a true Yankee.

It was then supposed that the Government of Mr. Lincoln had conceived the ingenious plan (these things are gravely expressed and find people to believe them) of seeking himself a rupture with the English. It was necessary to have new enemies! He hoped in this way to re-unite with his actual adversaries! He was going to give up fighting them, and seek for a compensation in the conquest of Canada! I have followed as attentively as any one the march of events in America. I have read the American papers. I have received letters. I have studied documents, and among others, the famous circular of Mr. Seward. I have seen there more than one sign of discontent caused by the unsympathetic attitude of England. I have seen also symptoms of the fear, natural enough, that the intervention of Europe in Mexico excites in the minds of men attached to the Monroe doctrine, but as to these incredible plans, I have never discovered the slightest trace of them. I may add, that a

very noticeable return towards friendly relations with England was manifested, since the latter has shown herself more friendly towards America.

If there is one quality which we cannot refuse to recognize in the Government of Mr. Lincoln, it is precisely its moderation and good sense. It has not raised itself very high, it has avoided (too much, in my opinion) laying down those principles, and pronouncing those words which create lively sympathies and make the conscience of the human race vibrate in unison. Say that it is a little prosaic, a little *ventre-à-terre*; do not say that it is extravagant, and that England has nothing better to do than to attack us, in order not to be attacked first.

In order to support, as well for good as for evil, a fiction which has run its course too long, another thing has been invented. Mr. Lincoln's Government is exhausted; despairing of conquering the South it wishes to bring about a diversion at any price. Those who hold such language have not heard, doubtless, of the expedition to Beaufort, nor of the evacuation of Missouri by the Confederates, nor of the victory recently gained in Kentucky. They do not know that the United States have accomplished this wonder, of putting half a million of men under arms, that acts of indiscipline have almost ceased, and that the volunteers for three years have everywhere replaced the volunteers for three months.

They do not know that the finances of the country are prosperous, and that Mr. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury, has negotiated, on favorable conditions, the last part of the loan. I recommend to them to read the last letters of Mr. Russell, the correspondent of the *Times*; they will there see what an impartial witness thinks of the respective chances of the North and the South.

Yet, before the intervention of the *San Jacinto* (this involuntary ally of the South, to which the inhabitants of Charleston ought to vote swords of honor), the situation of the United States presented itself under the most favorable aspects. Since then it has changed, I confess.

THE MISTAKE OF ENGLAND.

Let us see, however, if the English indignation has not given altogether exaggerated proportions to the act of Captain Wilkes.

The English indignation has omitted one side of the affair; namely, the conduct of the steamer *Trent*.

THE RIGHT OF SEARCH.

Why should not the conflict which so preoccupies us, instead of resulting in war, end

in a useful negotiation? I do not doubt but that the noble overtures in which General Scott has taken the initiative will be avowed by Mr. Lincoln.

To enlarge the actual question, and educe from it an international progress, an emanation of the commerce of the world, this would be a little better, it seems to me, than cutting each other's throats, and in the full nineteenth century assuring the triumph of the most disgraceful revolt which ever broke out in this world, the rebellion for slavery. England and America, these two great countries are worthy of giving to the world the spectacle of a generous and fruitful understanding, in which will be melted and swallowed up in some sort a deplorable quarrel. Who does not see that mingled with the promulgation of a more liberal regulation of the right of search, the satisfaction exacted from the United States would take a new character, and would have a much better chance of being accorded!

THE QUESTION OF RIGHT.

Let us now look nearer, at the question of right. It was not useless to disembarass it at first of secondary questions, which prevent us from seeing it, and above all, seeing it as it is.

They seem to have had a fear in England of facing the question of right. There is no way of escape they have not tried, to avoid this serious examination.

Have they not gone so far as to oppose to the United States, that, considering the Southern States as revolted, and refusing them the character of belligerents, they should not exercise the right of search, which is reserved to belligerents? From this point of view, it is added, Messrs. Mason and Slidell would only be refugee rebels under the British flag; and what country is there which consents to deliver up political refugees? The answer is simple. No one more than England has recognized in this circumstance the character of belligerents, which is contested in her name. Besides, the blockade of the South is admitted by her, and by the other powers. Now there is no more a blockade than a right of search, except in a state of war.

There is another evasion. The United States have always contended against the right of search; they have exercised it unwillingly. England has always exercised the right of search; she would unwillingly contend against it. Let us be frank; rights of this nature are always odious to those who are subjected to them, and always clear to those who profit by them.

Alas! this is not the only case where

change of situation operates a change in the points of view. Let us take the human heart as it is, and not exact, under penalty of war, that the Americans, engaged in one of the most terrible social crises (and one of the most glorious, too) of which history makes mention, should hesitate to seize a weapon which has been used against them, and which they in turn feel the necessity of using. In neglecting to use it, they would be wanting, perhaps, in their duties towards themselves, and towards the noble cause which they represent.

There is in fine a last means more simple, of putting aside a troublesome examination. What is the use, it is exclaimed on all sides, of insisting upon precedents? This is not an affair of lawyers. It seems to me, however, that Great Britain began by questioning her crown-lawyers, and made peace or war depend upon their decision. It would be, indeed, too convenient to deny the precedents we have ourselves created, and to say to those who would act as we have not ceased to act: "I do not admit that we should be imitated. That which I practised formerly, I authorize no one to practise to-day. I have not warned you of it, but you ought to have guessed it, and, for not having guessed it, you shall have war."

THE PRECEDENTS.

The precedents preserve all their value. What are they?

Sir William Scott is right in saying that in charging one's self with the carrying of despatches one ceases to be neutral and becomes an enemy. This is evident, especially in the present conflict. As the serious chances of the South are all in Europe, as it would not be in rebellion if it had not counted upon Europe—as it would lay down its arms to-morrow if it could be convinced that never, for cotton, nor for anything else, will Europe give it support—it results that the despatches which were going from the South to Europe (neutral Europe) went far beyond, in military importance, the sending of soldiers or provisions.

THE COMMANDER OF THE TRENT.

This being the case, what ought the commander of the steamer *Trent* to do? I do not attack his intentions; he acted very innocently; but if this excuse of ignorance of the law is available for him, I think it also available for Captain Wilkes, and it would be unjust to treat with great rigor a first difficulty, which evidently has surprised everybody, and has not found anywhere a very complete understanding of the conditions of the right of search.

The commander of the *Trent* saw coming to him men whom their characters as commissioners from the South marked for his attention. He knew what uneasiness and anxiety existed at the North in relation to this mission and to the despatches whose contents excited grave suspicions. There had been talk, exaggerated doubtless, of a proposition of protectorate, and of other offers designed to gain at any price the support of one or of several maritime powers. The enthusiastic reception which the society of Havana, hostile to the United States, and passionately in love with slavery, had given to Messrs. Mason and Slidell, left no doubts as to the exceptional gravity of the hostile mission with which they were charged. It was just a case where it would be said that messengers and messages of this sort ought to sail under their own flag, and that neutrals are not warranted in facilitating their mission in any way.

In such grave circumstances, and with such a responsibility, commanders of packet-boats should not take refuge behind their innocence, and argue that the Consul of the United States did not take the trouble to warn them. I should like to know what reception would be found in England for the neutral who should take it upon himself to say, "I thought I had the power to transport hostile despatches, and those provided with them, because the English Consul did not come and warn me not to do it."

WAS THE BRITISH FLAG INSULTED?

Now, to finish with the question of right, shall I say some words upon what may be called the commonplace rhetoric and declamation of the subject? There has been very plain talk about the insult to the flag. It is said that the deck of an English vessel is the very soil of the country. The rights of Britannic hospitality have been invoked, and it is asked if it can consent to see its guests carried off. Such language does not fail unfortunately to excite implacable passions. But what is there behind these phrases? The flag is not insulted, when the search is exercised according to the law of nations. The deck of an English vessel of commerce may be the deck of the country, but a belligerent is authorized to seize it, if it transports men employed for the profit of the enemy, officers for example. The rights of hospitality find their limits in the duties of neutrality; and the vessel that pretends to protect its guests at any price, when they are employed in war, would commit a simple bad action.

In short, there is wrong on both sides, and if a difference needed discussion, and inter-

pretation, even for the sake of arbitration, it is this. Europe, too, attentive to what is passing, and desirous of avoiding war, will not understand, be sure of it, that the question should be settled in a rough way, so as to make hostilities almost unavoidable.

If the captain had seized the vessel instead of the commissioners, and if the vessel had been duly condemned by an American tribunal, the proceeding would have been one of an irreproachable regularity. This being so, by the confession of the English themselves, who would believe that out of such a quarrel about ways of proceeding, would spring a rupture forever fatal. England has interrogated her lawyers—America has interrogated hers. Do conflicts, where the national honor is really engaged, allow of consultation of this sort? Do we ever ask lawyers and judges if the country is insulted or attacked, when it is really insulted or attacked?

REPARATIONS.

Whatever may be said in England, the first condition of a demand for reparation is to render reparation possible. There must be time, there must be patience which does not stop before the first difficulty, nor take as definitive the first refusal. There must be prudent management, which harmonizes so well with dignity, where we are the strongest, and which avoid making the form of satisfaction gratuitously wounding, and consequently almost inadmissible. It is clear that if an exacting claim is thought sufficient to be made known at Washington, if eight days are given, if (I wish to anticipate everything, even the impossible and the absurd) the release of the prisoners is not only claimed, but their transport upon an American vessel, charged with dragging across the sea its repentant flag, if no easier way is accepted, if they are deaf to mediation, it is clear that Mr. Lincoln will have need of a superhuman courage, in order to grant what is claimed in this way.

This superhuman courage, I desire it, I ask for it; in displaying it, he will have deserved well of America and of humanity. But I have little hope of such wonders, and I don't believe that in serious affairs it is well to exact miracles.

The English have been full of condescension and of forbearance for America when she was strong. If they have the misfortune to show neither condescension nor forbearance for America when she is weak, they authorize suppositions more fatal for their honor than is the grave error (but easily reparable with good-will on both sides) which Captain Wilkes has committed.

I have a right to use this language to

them, for I am one of the number of those who love England. From my first speech on the tribune, and on this very question of the right of search, I exposed myself to much animosity by defending her. Later, in the Pritchard affair, I did not draw back. Even in my retirement it has rarely happened that I have taken up my pen without rendering homage to a country and to a government which are not popular with us. So I am authorized to hope my words will have some weight. Nothing is more antipathetic to me than a gross and ignorant Anglophobia. But England should know all the sides of this dispute in which she is engaged. It has a European face. It is not a discussion between two powers; a third, the first of all, public opinion, has also a word to say. It is for peace, and will not let it be sacrificed for an error easily reparable, and which people are disposed to magnify. Public opinion energetically repudiates the cause of the South, which is the cause of slavery. (The speeches of Mr. Stephens, Vice-President of the South, has made a creed of it.)

In hearing this enormous fact, of England recognizing the Confederation expressly founded to maintain, glorify, and extend slavery, public opinion will utter itself in one of those explosions of anger beside which the indignation meetings of Liverpool will make a poor figure, believe me.

England for a year has maintained her neutrality in the New World, and she has acted well in this, for the cotton interests might have dictated another policy. Yet, if she has been neutral, she has not been sympathetic.

CONCLUSIONS.

This immense social revolution, commenced by the election of Mr. Lincoln, which has written upon its banner "No Slavery Extension," and which engages itself thus in the way towards abolition, this generous revolution, and which deserves encouragement, has met only with distrust and hostility in England. On other points, and while still remaining neutral, England knows very well how to lend to the causes which she loves her moral support, the support of journals, parliamentary speeches and public meetings. Here, no such thing. I know not what fatal misunderstanding has compressed the generous sentiments which here should have sprung up. From the beginning the principal English papers, and especially those which are thought to express the thought of Lord Palmerston, have not ceased to proclaim aloud that the South had the right to secede; that the separation was without remedy; that it was good and conformable to the desires of the English.

Many times the recognition of the South has been presented as an act which we must expect and be prepared for.

From all which, if care is not taken, there is this result, that in the excessive eagerness with which the *Trent* affair was seized, in the peremptory terms of reclamation, in the form adopted to render reparation difficult, we see the intention of arriving at the ends which England proposes: to effect the recognition, to suppress the blockade, to obtain cotton, and procure an America cut to pieces, replacing the too powerful republic of the United States.

Liverpool has this time given the signal, Lancashire urges on to the rupture. Behind the national honor there may be something else. Take care! We must not think that, that is to say, that must not be.

And that will be, if you declare the question exhausted at the very moment when public opinion begins to give attention to it; if you exact a reparation without admitting an explanation, if, in fine, you reject in advance all idea of negotiation, of mediation, or arbitration.

War, instead of negotiation, mediation, or arbitration, war, after the first word, for a question which has been laid before lawyers and which admits certainly of several interpretations equally sincere: *war at any price*—this does not belong to our times.

That which I say here, others will charge themselves with saying on the other side of the Channel. There have already been, there will be, liberal and Christian voices who will not fear to protest against the *entrainements* of passion. Until now we have heard only the factory-bells; other sounds must be heard. The great party which is abolishing slavery and battling against the slave trade, has been the principal title of honor of contemporary England—this great party is not dead, I think.

As to America, her friends await with an anxiety I should in vain endeavor to portray, the decision to which she will come. Never was a graver question laid before any government. The whole future is contained in it. If she is enough mistress of herself to

accord that which is demanded of her, and to admit a reparation, though an extreme one, of the fault committed in her name, she will have the approbation and the esteem of all hearts which are in their right places. Her vessel, the vessel which will carry back the commissioners, we will hail it with acclamations on our shores, and it will see that the United States, in yielding much, will be neither humiliated nor injured by it.

Ah! the affair might be so easily settled with a little good-will on both sides! There are on both sides men so worthy of effecting a reconciliation, to the glory of our times, and for the happiness of humanity! There are on both sides nations so well fitted to understand and like each other! Must we then despair of progress and of the spirit of peace? Must we see with our eyes English vessels engaged in assuring the success of the champions of slavery? Must we veil our heads in our mantles?

For myself, I have not concluded that Captain Wilkes was right in acting as he did. I conclude merely that it is not a case for *hanging*, and that in seizing the commissioners and their papers, without arresting the ship and turning it from its course, he perhaps yielded—let us be just towards everybody—to the desire of not exposing to serious inconvenience the steamer and the passengers. Let us say that he had an unlucky hand, since his courtesy on this point has become the blackest of his misdeeds. In truth, in order to see in the affair of the *Trent* all that England has seen, we must begin by supposing that the United States, who have already, it seems to me, a sufficiently heavy business on hand, felt the temptation of bringing on a quarrel besides with England. Hypotheses of this sort will be received only by those who feel an insurmountable necessity of praising the message of Mr. Jefferson Davis, and of extending their hand to this brave South, who has such cause to complain of the North, and who has such a good cause to defend!

AGENOR DE GASPARIŃ.

INFLUENCE OF THE MIND ON THE BODY.

—I remember an ingenious physician, who told me, in the fanatic times, he found most of his patients so disturbed by troubles of conscience, that he was forced to play the divine with them, before he could begin the physician, whose

greatest skill, perhaps, often lies in the infusing of hopes, and inducing some composure and tranquillity of mind before they enter upon the other operations of their art: and this ought to be the first endeavor of the patient too; without which all other medicines may lose their virtue. —Sir William Temple, on *Health and Long Life*.

From The Spectator.

THE LOVES OF JOHN WESLEY. *

THOSE who have read "John Wesley's Journal" are aware that his missionary work in Georgia was cut short by a series of petty annoyances in which a woman's name was curiously mixed up. In fact, the first two bills in which he was presented by the grand jury, charged him with having "broken the laws of the realm," first, "by speaking and writing to Mrs. Williamson against her husband's consent;" and secondly, "by repelling her from the Holy Communion." The lady herself had already sworn to and signed an affidavit, "insinuating much more than it asserted" (we quote Wesley's own words), "but asserting that Mr. Wesley had many times proposed marriage to her, all which proposals she had rejected." Wesley himself notices the matter with the reserve of a gentleman, and attempts no explanation; his silence is the best argument in his favor. But his Wesleyan biographers, writing when all the actors in the scene were dead, profess to explain it from authentic sources. Mrs. Williamson, it seems, was a Miss Causton, the niece of General Oglethorpe, who planted Georgia. Her uncle is said to have encouraged her intimacy with Wesley, in the hope that a man whom he respected and admired might be induced to settle in the colony, and give up his plans of evangelizing the Indians. For a time everything seemed to favor his plans. The young lady went to Wesley for assistance in French and spiritual counsel; consulted his taste in her dress; and, it is said, watched by him day and night during a fever. But an eminent minister—and Wesley was even then eminent—is the property of his party; his most sacred as well as his commonest actions are public: and a heavy penalty awaits him if he makes love without leave from his congregation. Disturbed by a remonstrance from a clerical colleague, who professed to think that the lady was too artful in her love, Wesley submitted his case to the Elders of the Moravian Church assembled in solemn conclave under Bishop Nitschman. If a single touch of comedy were wanting to the whole transaction it may be found in the fact that they

had already sat in judgment upon him, assisted by his officious friend, and at once advised him to proceed no further. He replied briefly, "The will of the Lord be done," and abruptly broke off his intimacy with Miss Causton. What concern it might give her seems not to have occurred to him as matter worthy consideration, but although there had been already some misunderstandings between them, we may perhaps infer from her affidavit afterwards, that she looked upon him as distinctly pledged to her. The phraseology of spiritual philandering is no doubt a little vague, and words which were only meant as a pastoral blessing may have sounded in the mouth of a young man more like a carnal declaration of love. It is easy to conjecture the sequel. The lady accepts a more business-like lover, retains a little pique against her first, and in the belief that he will not dare to push matters to extremity, perhaps in the wish to see if she retains any power, violates the new discipline he has introduced. Wesley seems to have warned her fairly before he enforced the rule of admitting no one to the Communion who had not given previous notice. Perhaps a man of more tact would have avoided such a rupture under such circumstances, but Wesley would never have done the work he did in life if he had been fastidiously delicate. Little faults of taste may fairly be forgiven to a man whose one object on earth is to save souls.

It is clear that liking, appreciation, gratitude, perhaps vanity, but in no proper sense love, had determined Wesley's relations with Miss Causton. His first and only genuine passion belongs to a later part of his life; its history, written by himself in pages that were never meant for the world, was unknown to his biographers, and has only lately been retrieved. Mrs. Wesley, when she left her husband, carried it away among other papers, no doubt partly in excuse of her miserable jealousy and misconduct. Apart from the fact that its incidents are confirmed by all the contemporary dates in the journal, that a part of the document is in Wesley's handwriting, and that such an antiquary as the late Mr. Hunter convinced himself of its authenticity, every page carries in it its own evidence. The deep passionate love, which almost confounds itself with the man's habitual religion, the strong

* *Narrative of a Remarkable Transaction in the Early Life of John Wesley.* From an Original Manuscript in his own handwriting, never before published. London: John Russell Smith.

sentiment of authority natural to the head of a sect, the vigorous common sense that justifies the feeling it cannot subdue, are all unmistakable signs of reality. It was not a wise love this attachment of Wesley to his own servant, Grace Murray; it was thwarted in its working out, and its issue was unprosperous, and all the more does the man dilate and invest his vulgar surroundings with a tragic dignity. His whole narrative is like a chapter of Job, a reverent pleading with God, "What Thou dost, I know not now, but I shall know hereafter." What had been unwise or harsh in his own conduct he had evidently not felt when he wrote; perhaps he lacked moral insight ever to discover. It is clear that in all his dealings with women he treated them as he treated himself, as instruments for a great end without personality or feeling. Even when his own love was strongest, he seemingly demanded its return as a duty to the cause of religion, quite as much as he desired to be loved for himself. But he probably felt all the more that the devotion to a prophet's work, which ennobled him in his own eyes, ought to be his title of nobility with woman, his excuse for short-comings and weak sympathies where vulgar natures would have been profuse. That he, being what he was, should have loved at all, was a claim on gratitude. Above all, having trampled under foot other obstacles, being in sight of happiness, he had been betrayed by a brother, and his promised wife cheated into marriage with another. "If these things are so," he might well say, "hardly has such a case been from the beginning of the world."

Grace Murray does not seem quite worthy of her part in history. The daughter of a respectable tradesman, she had probably received a better education than the term "servant," which is commonly used of her, would imply in the last century; and Wesley tells us that she had good sense and some knowledge both of men and books. We may easily accept the praises he bestows on her "engaging behavior," and "mild, sprightly, cheerful, and yet serious temper," with no greater discount than the world commonly gives to lovers' praises. Probably, too, Wesley was a competent judge of her "ready utterance" and good acquaintance "with our method of winning souls,"

as well as of her "quick discernment of spirits, and no small insight into the devices of Satan." But her helpfulness and sympathies with himself, tested as they had been in journeys together, and in the nursing him through a severe illness, naturally weighed most with the teacher, whose very greatness shut him out from fellowship with ordinary associates. Unhappily, she seems to have been wanting in all strength of character and in real delicacy of feeling. When Wesley first spoke of marriage to her,—apparently in his peculiar phraseology, as she professed afterwards not fully to have understood him,—she begged permission to attend him on his next circuit. But being left in Cheshire, in the house of one John Bennet, one of Wesley's subordinates, she engaged herself not long after to him. From that time forward her life was distracted by the rival claims of her lovers. Bennet evidently believed to the last that he was the first contracted, and Wesley's brothers and the Society sided with him; the brothers disliking the proposed sister-in-law, and the Methodist women, perhaps, a little jealous of Grace Murray's fortune. Wesley acted characteristically. He wrote to Bennet, upbraiding him severely for trying to rob a brother and a friend "of his faithful servant, of the fellow-laborer in the gospel whom he had been forming to his hand for ten years." The letter through the carelessness or treachery of its bearer, was never delivered. But not satisfied with his position, although the lady had lately given him "all the assurances which words could give of the most intense and inviolable affection," Wesley commenced talking "at large with all those who were disgusted with her." Of course he soon collected a curious mass of scandal. "Mr. Williams accused her 'of not lending his wife her saddle' (being just going to take horse herself). Mrs. Williams, of buying a Holland shut, (which was not true). Nancy and Peggy Watson, of buying a Joseph before she wanted it. Ann Matteson, of being proud and insolent." The lover, thus informed, sat down and drew up a statement of the grounds on which he had proceeded, justifying every unwise step with rare method and good sense, and summing up, "The short is this: (1) I have scriptural reason to marry, (2) I know no person, so

proper as this." Thus fortified, he set out on a new circuit, in a somewhat dangerous security, only questioning his own conscience for inordinate affection. Mrs. Murray was not a woman to be left alone. She seems, as far as we can judge, to have respected Wesley most, but to have liked Bennet best. Throughout her intercourse with her old master, the predominant feeling seems to be compounded of ambition and fear, the natural wish to be Mrs. Wesley, and a not unnatural awe of the stern man who has condescended to her love. "When she received a letter from me," says Wesley, "she resolved to live and die with me, and wrote to me just what she felt. When she heard from him, her affection for him revived, and she wrote to him in the tenderest manner." Once she was confronted with both, and escaped giving a decisive answer by being "sorrowful almost to death." Mr. Bennet was disgusted by this indecision, and gave her up. Wesley, writing when he had lost her irrevocably, seems to treat it as a mysterious fate, perhaps a backsliding, but one in which the woman was without blame. He has no words, even in his grief, to condemn her. In fact, if her own story may be believed, she was betrayed into a decision which she could apparently never have made for herself. Charles Wesley suddenly came to Hineley Hill, near Newcastle, where she was staying, persuaded her, by means of a forged letter, that his brother had decided to give her up, and told her that her character was lost if she did not marry Mr. Bennet instantly. Mr. Bennet, who is not accused of any share in the fraud, was easily persuaded that "the fault lay all in" John Wesley, and within a week was married to the uncertain lady. It is just to add that this account rests upon Mrs. Bennet's unsupported evidence, and is more than a little suspicious against such a man as Charles Wesley,

especially as we know that he assumed a high moral tone when he next met his brother, and threatened to renounce all intercourse with him. John Wesley was for the time thoroughly broken. He had a last interview with Mrs. Bennet, in which she threw the blame of what had happened upon his brother, and declared with tears how great her love had been. Whether her protestations were true or false, it is scarcely wonderful that her husband soon separated from the Methodist connection.

The verses in which John Wesley has described his feelings—religious doggerel as they are, in a literary point of view—are among the most touching ever penned by man. It is evident that his very heart-strings were wrung. Ten years' habit and a contract of fifteen months were indeed ties which might have bound a harder man. Three years later, he made what may fairly be called a "mariage de convenance" with a rich widow, Mrs. Vizelle. He had stipulated that he should never neglect work, but his wife seems to have been jealous of his absences, and more naturally jealous of his friendships with other women. It is curious to find her on one occasion surreptitiously opening a letter of her husband's to one Sarah Ryan, a housekeeper, an intrigante, and with a certain littleness of understanding—in fact, much such a woman as Grace Murray had been, and like her, on terms of spiritual intimacy with Mr. Wesley. Frenzied by discoveries of this sort, and little causeless suspicious, Mrs. Wesley at last left her husband's roof never to return. His famous entry in his diary, "I did not leave her, I did not send her away, and I will never recall her," was perhaps justified by her conduct. Yet it is difficult not to feel that John Wesley, like Mr. Froude's Henry VIII., ought to have lived in a world where there were no women.

ENCROACHMENT OF THE SEA.—At the recent meeting of the British Association, Mr. Penngelly stated some curious facts concerning the encroachment of the sea on the coast of Devon, near Torbay. In one case a large wave entered a drawing-room at Torquay, ransacked it, turned the pignoforte to the other side of the apartment, and retreated in possession of all the light articles. The walls are unceasingly attacked, the sea seeming to have a compact with the quarrymen and masons to afford them abundant employment. Having suggested to certain engi-

neers that it might be desirable to build walls twice as strong, in order that they might last forever, the engineers replied that they preferred rebuilding them every twenty years; not, however, to increase their own profits, as human nature would assume, but from an excellent and true bit of political economy. Money invested at compound interest doubles itself in, say fourteen years, hence the additional expenditure, if saved and invested, would in twenty years' time rebuild the wall, and leave a handsome profit.—*London Review.*

From The Spectator.

MICHAEL SCOTT OF BLACKWOOD'S.*

THIS new edition of *Tom Cringle's Log* is a welcome reminiscence of other days. Long after the prudent intellect of Scotland had learned to appreciate classical learning and artistic tastes, it clung courageously to those awkward schoolboyish attitudes, and that delight in mere physical transports, which intellectual Englishmen suppress at least in their intellectual moods. The result was the school of Christopher North, and that boyish overgrown jocularity of humor engrafted on a temperament of real genius, which we see rampant in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ." Mr. Michael Scott, the author of *Tom Cringle's Log*, was one of the most characteristic disciples of this literary school. His, like his master's, seems to have been the kind of intellect that would result from engrafting the tastes of a sociable, classical, generous, aggressive-minded Briton on the mind of a frolicsome and sagacious Newfoundland dog. Fortunately for Mr. Michael Scott, he obtained a new field, and a very appropriate field for the application of this sort of genius, in the nautical life of our West India Islands of that day. There were two great qualities, besides an excessive pleasure in physical transports of all kinds, which this school possessed,—a rough, broad humor, not over-refined,—and a great capacity for appreciating and delineating the grander aspects of nature. Besides these qualities, the school of Christopher North had a special political teaching of its own—a contemptuous, generous species of Toryism—which delighted in tearing to shreds all the hollower philanthropic formulæ of Radicalism, and in ridiculing the ignorance of human nature which they commonly displayed.

In all these respects Mr. Scott had a great field in the West Indies of his own time. There never was a tropical English colony where eating and drinking had not a very prominent place in peoples' minds; but of all such colonies, the West Indies during the Slavery and Protection period were the most conspicuous. The captains in the West India trade still retain a fond recollection of the revelry which took place when the vast profits of the sugar-merchants enabled them to indulge the luxurious temper of the trop-

ics to the utmost. And Mr. Michael Scott had therefore in his West India sketches a far more congenial field than even Christopher North himself in the bare pasturage of the Lothians, for dilating on the wine-drinking feats of his hero, and the innumerable practical jokes to which they led. Next, the West Indies were then almost the only region where nature was to be seen in its grandest aspects by highly sociable and wine-loving Englishmen, and here again Mr. Michael Scott had, if not the advantage of Professor Wilson, at least a perfectly new theatre for the display of similar powers. Lastly, while Mr. Scott was still a resident in the islands, the English Anti-Slavery party had already begun to agitate their great design, and, like all philanthropists, probably took exceptions for rules, and so exposed their case to the fire of any experienced assailant. Here, again, was a great field for the cheerful Tory scorn of the Wilson school, which loved, of all things, to expose the meagre knowledge of human nature characterizing the radical visionaries. So Michael Scott found quite a clear stage, and a popularity almost as immense as Wilson's own, as he published in *Blackwood* month after month these effusions of boisterous spirits with occasional whiffs of classical allusion, interspersed with descriptions of tropical scenery and tempests as faithful and minute as they were gorgeous and sublime.

When we come to read the book with the tastes of the present generation as a standard, the boisterous tone is certainly a little fatiguing, and gives the same kind of headache as is produced by riding in a high wind. For example, in one place the author takes great delight in a Wilsonian distinction which he has made between his Conscience in relation to grave questions of deep sin and the same monitor on small questions of self-indulgence. The former he calls Conscience senior, the latter Conshy, by way of a familiar epithet for Conscience junior; and he treats us to whole pages of badinage-dialogue between himself and Conshy. This is carrying high animal spirits to an unwarrantable length. And there is nothing in the sentiment of the book to temper this effect. Christopher North had a great fund of true pathos in him, but his West Indian disciple does not seem to have resembled him in this

* *Tom Cringle's Log*. By Michael Scott. A new Edition, with illustrations. Blackwood.

respect. Indeed, the region of the tropics is one of sudden changes, both moral and physical,—of great miseries, and brief passions, and sudden enjoyments, not one of *pathos*, which is set in too low a key to be indigenous in such scenes. Wordsworth caught, with his usual depth and felicity, the true moral symbolism of the tropics when he wrote:—

“The wind, the tempest roaring high,
The tumult of a tropic sky,
Might well be dangerous food
For him, a youth, to whom was given
So much of earth—so much of heaven,
And such impetuous blood,
Whatever in these climes he found
Irregular in sight and sound,
Did to his mind impart
A kindred impulse,—seemed allied
To his own powers, and justified
The beatings of his heart.”

But by no means all these moral elements of tropical life are successfully delineated in these pages. There is no sultry passion, though there is some worship of the spurious Byronic passion; no true sympathy with the tempestuous irregularities of the scenery described. Mr. Scott saw with an eye of wonderful vividness and insight, but his mind was cool and canny all the time, and hence, perhaps, the wonderful accuracy with which he portrays what he saw. He casts no gleam of poetry round it—it is all rich, cold painting, though painting of a very high order. Mummery of a poor and vulgar kind will often follow close upon a description of great power. Immediately after a slaver has been taken at sea, and the mass of the crew and slaves have perished most miserably, comes a scene of that mere animal-spirits jocularly in which it is difficult to see any kind of *literary* entertainment. Coarse practical jokes, the mere merriment of intoxication, form a curiously large element in this school of literature. We confess we find it difficult to appreciate the enjoyment of the following kind of thing, which forms a large element not only in this book, but in all the Christopher North school of literature. The scene is on a British sloop of war:—

“Whereupon, without much more ado, he stuck his legs down through the small hatch right over the breakfast-table, with the intention of descending, and the first thing he accomplished was to pop his foot into a large dish of scalding hominy, or hasty-pudding

made of Indian corn-meal, with which Wagtail was in the habit of commencing his stowage at breakfast. But this proving too hot for comfort, he instantly drew it out, and in his attempt to re-ascend he struck his bespattered toe into Paul Gelid's mouth. ‘Oh! oh!’ exclaimed Paul, while little Wagtail lay back laughing like to die; but the next instant Bang gave another struggle, or wallow, like a *pelloch* in shoal-water, whereby Pepperpot borrowed a good kick on the side of the head, and down came the *Great Ostrich*, Aaron Bang, but without any feather in his tail, as I can avouch, slap upon the table, smashing cups and saucers and hominy, and devil knows what all, to pieces, as he floundered on the board. This was so absurd that we were all obliged to give uncontrolled course to our mirth for a minute or two, when, making the best of the wreck, we contrived to breakfast in tolerable comfort.”

Yet, such boisterous nonsense—vulgar nonsense, indeed—was really consistent with a very high kind of culture of its sort, and a very fine faculty for perceiving and appreciating the higher beauties of nature. For ourselves we know no book where the tropics are painted with such marvellous truth—cold, rich truth. And this is, indeed, the transcendental literary merit which entitles the work to a permanent repute. To give any adequate specimen of this power would require far more space than we have to spare; but we may extract the following striking picture of the evening gun in the harbor of Saint Iago di Cuba:—

“‘Ready with the gun forward there, Mr. Catwell,’ said Yerk.

“‘All ready, sir.’

“‘Fire!’

“Pent up as we were in a narrow channel, walled in on each side with towering precipitous rocks, the explosion, multiplied by the echoes into a whole broadside, was tremendous and absolutely deafening.

“The cold, gray, threatening rocks, and the large, overhanging, twisted branches of the trees, and the clear, black water, and the white Moro in the distance, glanced for an instant, and then all was again veiled in utter darkness, and down came a rattling shower of sand and stone from the cliffs, and of rotten branches and heavy dew from the trees, sparkling in the water like a shower of diamonds; and the birds of the air screamed, and, frightened from their nests and perches in crevices, and on the boughs of the trees, took flight with a strong rushing noise, that put one in mind of the rising

of the fallen angels from the infernal council in 'Paradise lost;' and the cattle on the mountain-side lowed, and the fish, large and small, like darts and arrows of fire, sparkled up from the black abyss of waters, and swam in haloes of flame round the ship in every direction, as if they had been the ghosts of a shipwrecked crew, haunting the scene of their destruction; and the guanas and large lizards, which had been shaken from the trees, skimmed and struggled on the surface in glances of fire, like evil spirits watching to seize them as their prey. At length the screaming and shrieking of the birds, the clang of their wings, and the bellowing of

the cattle ceased, and the startled fish subsided slowly down into the oozy caverns at the bottom of the sea, and becoming motionless, disappeared, and all was again black and undistinguishable—the deathlike silence being only broken by the hoarse murmuring of the distant surf."

This is not poetry, but is very discriminating painting of that kind which many suppose to be a private monopoly of Mr. Ruskin's. And the book is thickly studded with equally vivid pictures, and often equally vivid pictures of yet more magnificent scenes.

PURIFICATION AND EXTRACTION OF OILS.

—Bisulphide of carbon has lately been applied to the purification of oils with much success. It has a great affinity for fatty bodies, as may be shown from the fact that when the bones of which ivory black is made are treated in the usual manner, only five per cent of fat is obtained; treated with sulphide of carbon, they yield twelve per cent. Immense quantities of soap are wasted in extracting grease from wool; treated with the sulphide, the operation is more efficacious, economical, and expeditious. Oily seeds treated with the sulphide yield ten to twenty-two per cent more oil than by the old processes; besides, the oil is purer, and entirely free from glutinous matters, and requires no purification; besides, the oil contains more stearin and margarin, and consequently yields a harder and a better soap. The mode of operating is very simple. The fatty matters and the sulphide are mixed together in a closed vessel, and after digestion the sulphide is allowed to filter off, carrying with it the oil. The receiver is then converted into a distilling apparatus; steam is introduced; the sulphide passes off and leaves the pure oil behind. The sulphide may be used as often as required.—*London Review.*

OXYGENATED WATER.—Under this title M. Ozanam announces a substance which he considers of great therapeutic value, prepared by him of distilled water charged with oxygen under high pressure, forming a mechanical mixture, and not a chemical combination, as is the case with other substances of nearly the same name. Oxygen is but sparingly soluble in water, so, in spite of the high pressure employed, proportions similar to those of the car-

bonic acid in seltzer water were far from being obtained. The analysis of the gas contained in the best-preserved bottles gives half a volume, while in those exposed to the air it varies from one-twentieth to one-fourth of a volume. This water is perfectly limpid and pure, the gas goes off in the form of small bubbles, without persistent froth, rather unpleasant to the taste; it resembles in this respect water deprived of air. Its action is favorable in gout, and perhaps scrofula, but in all inflammatory diseases it is rather hurtful than otherwise.—*London Review.*

BLEACHING FLOWERS.—Light is as much a necessity to the healthy development of plants, as is a due supply of heat and moisture. In darkness the green coloring matter, "chlorophyll," cannot be developed. Advantage is taken of this circumstance in the blanching of salads and vegetables, and the same process is now being applied to flowers. It appears that in Paris there is a great demand for white lilacs for ladies' bouquets in winter, and as the common white lilac does not force well, the purple "Lilas de Morly" is used. The flowers of this variety, when made to expand at a high temperature, in total darkness, are of a pure white; those of the Persian lilac will not whiten.—*London Review.*

THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER, we hear, is engaged in preparing from his family papers a couple of volumes for the press, illustrative of the history of English society from Queen Elizabeth to Queen Anne. The work is expected for the coming season.

TWILIGHT.

COME hither, Lucy, with thy mother's smile,
And sit beside me here a little while,—

Here, by this widowed heart,
From which thou must so soon, alas, depart.

I dare not think what I shall lose in thee
Beyond the sweetness of thy company,
My friend, my daughter-wife,
The latest tie that binds me still to life.

A flow'ret blooming from thy mother's grave,
Thou wert the little hope that courage gave,
And bid my heart good cheer,
When all around, below, above, was drear.

Wan-hope had weighed my spirit to the dust
(As yet, alas, I had not learnt to trust),
When thou in cradle laid,
A helpless infant, came unto my aid.

Thou wert a pledge that I was not forgot,
Teacher of wisdom, though thou knew'st it not;
Who noble deeds had done
While yet thine own frail life had scarce begun.

I taught thee all I knew; thou taughtest more.
Thy little debt of life was paid before
Thine inarticulate speech
Could lip the lessons that it helped to teach.

The innocence that sparkled in thine eyes
Was Wisdom better far than being wise;
And in thy smile was writ
A purity more powerful than wit.

But oh! thou wert so bright and frail a thing,
So like a gentle angel-changeling,
That I would often fear
Thou wert too spirit-like to tarry here.

But Heaven, that tempts not mortals over-much,
Left thee to pilot me with gentle touch
Safe past the rocky land
Whereon my drifting soul was nigh to strand.

Nay, weep not, child! I knew it must be so:
Thy work is done; 'tis good that thou should'st
go;
Nature and Love and I
Bid thee depart—albeit with a sigh.

Thou needs must leave the old man for the boy,
To find in other life another joy.
The greater grief to me
Is that I must not, cannot follow thee.

There swells a mound in yonder sacred field,
That only grass and storied stones doth yield,
Whose sweet yet potent sway
Forbids my spell-bound footsteps far to stray.

See!—Though the Sun departs, his Glory stays;
The air is dimly bright with golden haze,
And all things, far and near,
Glow soft and perfect, beautiful and clear.

So, though with thee my Present flies forever,
The sweetness of the Past shall perish never,
Till Memory's soft twilight
Has lit my spirit to the shades of night.

—Temple Bar.

RAMAH.

THEY tell me that I should not grieve
A loss so long gone by;
That blessings reft new blessings leave,
That should their place supply.
I cannot say it is not so,
To murmur may be sin;
But the grief was given long ago—
When will the rest begin?

I look upon my boy's bright face,
My heart warms to his smile;
But not the less that empty place
Lies cold within the while.
I see him bound o'er heath and sod,
Till all my pulses thrill;
But the little foot that never trod,
Oh! when will *that* be still.

All other things must suffer change,
However fair before;
And hearts grow cold, and voices strange,
And love is love no more;
The old home fire may quench its gleams,
The dearest friends forget;
But the little face that haunts my dreams
Has never altered yet!

It never smiles, it never speaks,
Its calm eye rests on mine,
And softly round the gentle cheeks
The fair curls float and twine.
The placid look is never stirred
By restlessness or pain;
And yet how often have I heard
That wailing cry again.

Sometimes when all are hushed in sleep,
And I awake alone,
I feel the tiny fingers creep,
And nestle in my own.
I listen to the low faint breath,
Yet know it is not there;
O Memory! thou art strong as death,
But far more hard to bear!